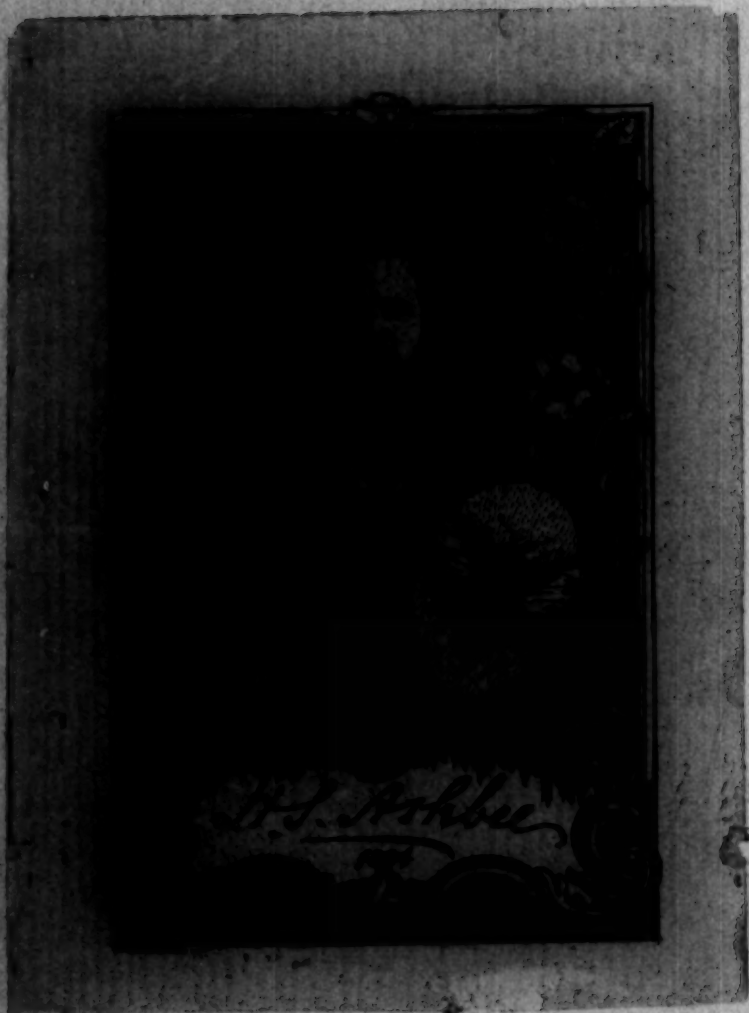
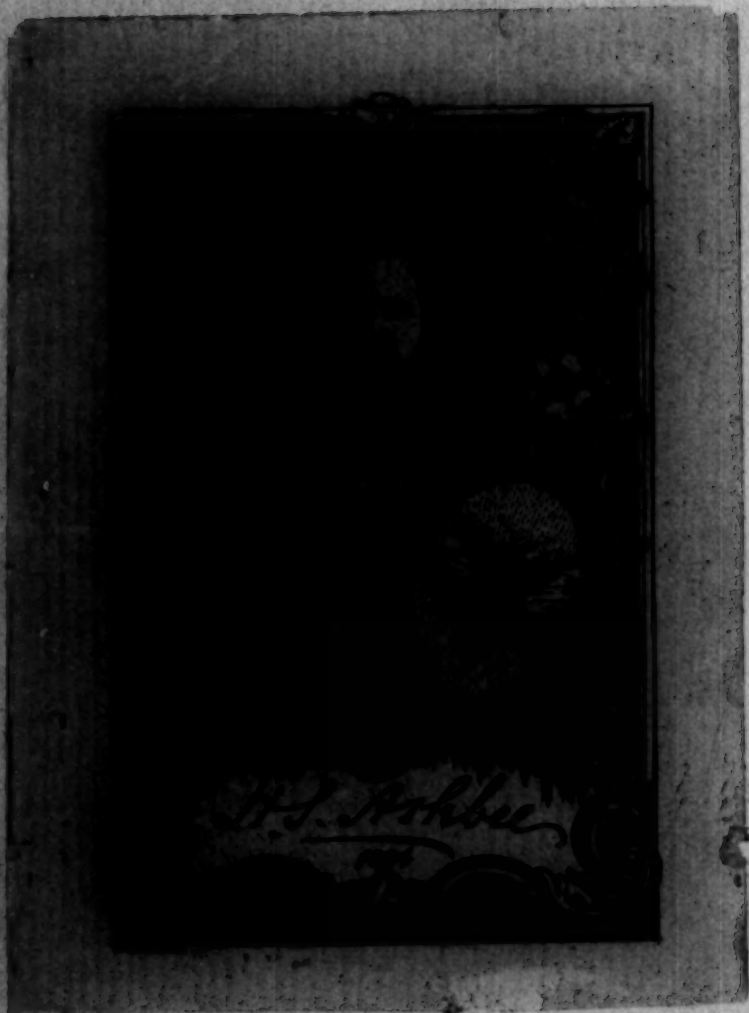






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THE
Muse in Good Humour:
In OR, A *Morris*
COLLECTION
OF
COMIC TALES.

By the EDITOR of the First Volume.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

Printed for FRANCIS NOBLE, at *Otway's Head*,
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M.DCC.LVII.

Mule in Good Humour

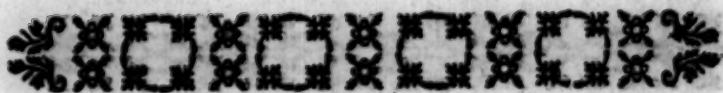
COLLECTION

COMIC TALES

By the Editor of the Mule



LONDON



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THE following Collection of TALES, &c. is intended as a Second Volume of *The Muse in Good Humour*, in Place of a Motley Work obtruded on the Public under that Title, and falsely pretended to be compiled by the Editor of the First Volume. This it was which gave Birth to the present Collection; and though, it must be confessed, a striking Inferiority will appear in many Parts of it, when compared with others of the First Volume, yet it is hoped, upon the Whole, that its Merits will sufficiently authorise it to bear the Title it assumes, *i. e. The Second Volume of the Muse in Good Humour.*



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THE



THE
Muse in Good Humour.

The CONFESSION.

A T A L E.

By Mr. T---s R---l---s.

 *O M Ramble*, a Rake of true Catholic
Hope,
Who rely'd on Salvation through
Faith---in the Pope,

Having been to the Fair a little too true;
And borrow'd from God, to give Woman her
Due,

With a Qualm of Contrition, one Morning was
taken:

(And Conscience declaring 'twas high Time to
reckon)

His Steps to a Convent the Gallant address'd,
To pour his Transgressions in Dominick's Breast;
He rent his lac'd Ruffles, disgrac'd his Toupee,
He broke his Cutteau, and he fell on his Knee;

Vol. II.

B

O Father,

O Father, lost Rest to a Sinner restore ;
 These Pieces are many, my Trespasses more :
 Thus saying, a Purse from his Pocket he loos'd ;
 Which, ey'd by the Friar, this Answer produc'd :

*Son, trust our good Mother, she'll ever confer
 Indulgence on those who're indulgent to her.
 Let indigent Wretches be scar'd for their Souls ;
 The Church has Remission---whilst you have Pistoles ;
 The Gate of her Mercy to all is unbarr'd ;
 To all, I wou'd mean, who come duely prepar'd.*

“ A Shepherdess, harmless and young, I betray'd ;

“ I found her, ah ! wou'd I had left her, a Maid :

“ Untaught as the Lambs, which she watch'd on
 “ the Common,

“ Allur'd by this Purse, I made her a Woman.

“ This bought the Repentance, this bought the
 “ Delight ;

“ Take, take, holy Father, the Fiend from my
 Sight.”

The Father obey'd, and took Charge of the
 Booty :

Obedience, you know, was a Branch of his Duty ;
 So was Poverty too, yet, *aurum accepit* :

Why sure you don't think his Intent was to keep
 it !

But (lest a bad Tale by its Length be made
 worse)

The Friar well weighing the case---of the Purse :
I fina

*I find not, (saith he) any Cause for Alarm;
You instructed the Ignorant; where was the Harm?*

“ The Charms of a Widow my Soul did sur-

“ prize;

“ Unparallel’d her Grief; unparallel’d her Eyes;

“ No second Enjoyment she’d sworn to allow;

“ I kiss’d off her Tears, and oh! cancell’d her

“ Vow.”

*Meer Charity, Son, had oblig’d you to this;
To comfort the Widow was sure not amiss.*

“ An Huguenot’s Consort fell next in my Snare;

“ By Force I subdu’d the untractable Fair:

“ Her Husband intruded, he fell in the Strife:

“ I stripp’d her of Honour, and him of his Life.”

Pish, let not such Trifles your Mind incommode;

To take from an Heretick’s giving to God.

“ To a beautiful Nun, I my Flame did reveal,

“ She open’d her Heart, and she open’d her
cell,

“ She open’d ——— O Heavens!” ———

Damnation and Hell!---

Mark, mark it in Black, O ye sacred Recorders,

What, lie with a Nun, and not be in Orders!

*That one deadly Sin exceeds all the * seven,*

’Tis robbing the Church, and that’s robbing of

Heav’n:

’Tis that damnable Error which can’t be forgiv’n.

* Alluding to the seven deadly Sins in the *Papish* Liturgy.

4 *The* BOTTLE-SCREW.

*Not Vigil, not Off'ring can atone for your Evil;
Down, down to Perdition; down, down to the
Devil.*

Away crept the Gallant; away crept the Monk:
This sneak'd to his Porridge, and that to his
Punk.

The BOTTLE-SCREW.

A TALE.

By *Mr.* AMHURST.

THE *Patten, Fan, and Petticoat,*
Three modern Themes of special Note,
In parlous Rhimes immortal live,
If Rhimes immortal Life can give;
The *Mouse-Trap*, in sonorous Lays,
Transmits thro' Ages *Taffy's* Praise;
While still unsung in pompous Strains,
Oh! shame! the *Bottle-Screw* remains,
The *Bottle-Screw*, whose worth, whose Use,
All Men confess, that love the juice;
Forgotten sleeps the Man, to whom
We owe th' Invention, in his Tomb,
No publick Honours grace his Name,
No pious Bard records his Fame,
Elate with Pride and joy I see
The deathless Task reserv'd for me.

Say,

Say, gentle Muse, in living Song,
Whence First this useful Engine sprung,
And *Thou*, who (if report speak true)
In Pocket always bear'st thy *Scrue*,
Accept, D---L---NE, in youthful Lays,
The Homage which the Poet pays.

Once on a Time, of mortal Men,
(No Matter where, no Matter when)
There liv'd a jolly, Country Vicar,
Who lov'd the Church and eke his Liquor,
What was his Name, I do not read
In *Baker*, *Hollinshead*, or *Speed*,
But thro' the Progress of our Poem,
By Name of *Roger* you must know him.

Some little Faults this *Roger* had,
But of the Dead, mum! nothing bad;
As that he rarely paid his Debts,
And others which the Muse forgets;
Our Business 'tis his Faults to hide,
And only shew his better Side.
All writers in this Point agree,
That he was jovisant and free,
A merry Wight! and, after Mass,
Would smoke his Pipe, and drink his Glafs:
Oft fond of Mirth and Conversation,
Or press'd by courteous Invitation,
To neighb'ring Farmers he'd repair,
And spend a Winter Ev'ning there;
Sometimes of grizly Sprights would talk,
That in white Sheets at Midnight walk,

6 *The* BOTTLE-SCREW.

'Till all the list'ning Children groan,
 And dare not go to Bed alone;
 Sometimes would on the Music play,
 Or *Putt*, to pass the Time away;
 Sometimes to ravish'd Clowns would speak
 Mouthfuls of *Latin*, and of *Greek*,
 His Logick shew and Classick Knowledge,
 And tell of merry Freaks at College;
 Play with the Louts at *Christmas* Games,
 And in their Absence-----with their Dames.

For wary *Clerks* learn all these Arts
 To gain Esteem, and conquer Hearts.

It chanc'd, as old Traditions say,
 That on a certain Holiday,
 The 'Squire, designing to carouse,
 Some Friends invited to his House;
 Amongst the rest, as was most fitting,
 To sanctify the merry Meeting,
 The Parson, if we credit Fame,
 Was sent for and *precisely* came.

Supper now waited on the Board,
 The Guests stand round, and at the Word,
 Sir *Roger*, with a solemn Face,
 Held forth his Hat and ton'd a Grace,
 He said, and Hemming thrice aloud,
 Sate down, and venerably Bow'd.

Plain, not luxurious was the Feast,
 But what a gen'rous Heart confess'd;
 First, on the Dish sublimely rear'd,
 The famous *British Loin* appear'd,

Whose

Whose Worth our loftiest Praise deserves,
Great Builder of the Warrior's Nerves!
Two Turkeys next the Footman bore,
Which lately gobbled at the Door:
But oh! how very short their Span?
Unhappy Fowls! the food of Man!
The careful Matron, from whose Hand
To peck the Grain they wont to stand,
From Weeping scarcely could refrain,
To see her pretty Poultry slain.
The Feast a Dish of Wild-Fowl crown'd,
Which on the neighb'ring woody Ground,
The 'Squire himself had lately kill'd,
A Sportsman, most exactly skill'd;
Full oft, unerring from afar,
Forth trudg'd he to the Sylvan War,
In Search of Foes, with ruthless Mind,
Dreaded by all the feather'd Kind,
For let 'em that Way fly or this,
Seldom the 'Squire was known to Miss.
Thus far premis'd, 'tis now high Time
To check our long-digressing Rhime,
The Task intended to pursue,
And of our Tale resume the Clue;
Wherefore the Supper now was over,
And *Thomas* brought up the *October*;
The hoary Bottle seem'd to tell,
That all within was Ripe and Well;
When, studious to extract the Cork,
Sir *Roger* set his Teeth to work;

This Way and that the Cork he ply'd,
 And wrench'd in vain from side to side ;
 In vain his ivory Grinders strain'd,
 For still unmov'd the Cork remain'd ;
 And as a Cheiftain stout in Fight
 Exerts his utmoſt warlike Might,
 Loth to deſert his deſtin'd Poſt,
 And ſee his raviſh'd Honours loſt,
 So did the Cork maintain the Field ;
 And ſcorn'd to human Force to yield,
 Still kept the Seat, each Shock repreſs'd,
 Which in the Cellar it poſſeſs'd.
 At length, enrag'd with foul Deſeat,
 The *Levite* burn'd with fiercer Heat,
 And grown by Thirſt more valiant far,
 He meditates a ſecond War ;
 Firm on the ſpongy Cork he plac'd
 His doubty Thumb, and downward preſs'd
 The yielding Wood; -----but oh! dire luck!
 Faſt in its Place his own Thumb ſtuck.
 Loudly the pleas'd Spectators laugh'd,
 With Pain and Shame the Parſon chaf'd,
 Long did he ſtrive, with adverſe Fate,
 His captive Thumb to extricate,
 Nor could his Liberty regain,
 'Till Hammer broke the glaſſy Chain;
 Leave to withdraw the Prieſt deſir'd,
 And bowing, ſullingly retir'd.

Homewards with flying Steps he ſped,
 Smoak'd half a Pipe, and went to Bed,

Where

Where pond'ring for awhile he lay
On the Miscarriage of the Day;
At length the Shades of Sleep arise,
And gently seal his closing Eyes:
Now thro' the Gloom of pitchy Night
There stood presented to his Sight,
Or seem'd to stand, the God of Wine,
Known by his *Thyrus* and his Vine,
Which clust'ring round his ample Head,
His broad impurled Cheeks o'er-spread;
This Hand a *Cork-Screw* did contain,
And that a Bottle of *Champaign*;
He sat Majestick 'cross his Tun,
And said, " Hail! dearest rev'rend Son.
" Whose *bulky Paunch* and *rosy Face*
" Proclaim thee of the toping Race,
" Behold in me thy darling God,
" At whose Imperial, awful Nod,
" Immortal Deities get drunk,
" And lewdly rave for mortal Punk,
" Your grosser Flesh and Blood put on,
" And tread on solid Nerves and Bone,
" Scorn their own thin, unbody'd Dames,
" And scorch in sensual human Flames,
" For *we* to give Mankind their due,
" Love a *Tit-bit*, as well as you.
" Last Night (for we above, you know,
" See all Things that are done below)
" I saw thy concious Shame and Grief,
" And come to minister Relief;

10 *The* BOTTLE-SCREW.

" For lo ! this crooked Instrument
 " All future Mischief shall prevent.
 Thus, with a Smile, kind *Bacchus* spoke,
 And in his Hand the Weapon took,
 He slipt it o'er his Finger-Joint,
 And to the Cork apply'd the Point,
 Gently he turn'd it round and round,
 'Till in the Midst its Spires were wound,
 Then bending earthward low, betwixt
 His Knees the Bottle firmly fixt,
 And, giving it a sudden Jerk,
 From its close Prison wrench'd the Cork :
 The Wine now issu'd at Command,
 When, with a Bumper in his Hand,
 Your Health, Sir *Roger*, quoth the God ;
 Sir *Roger* gave a reverend Nod,
 In a full Brimmer pledg'd his Guest,
 And gravely toasted---to the *Best*.
 They chat together, drink and fill,
 And like two Inkle-weavers swill,
 'Till both begin to hang the Lip,
 See double, stare like Pigs, and clip ;
 Then hugging, take a parting Glas,
 (But *dream-wise* all this came to pass)
 His Deity reel'd home to Heav'n,
 And Master *Roger* wak'd at *Sev'n*.

Up straight he got, in joyous Haste,
 And recollecting what had pass'd,
 How with a God he spent the Night,
 His Heart exalted with Delight,

Each

Each Circumstance, their Talk, their Wine,
Prov'd his late Visitor divine,
The Thought of which celestial Favour
Gave a new Turn to his Behaviour,
Wore off the Gloom of last Night's Spleen,
Intent to form the new Machine.

But first, to his Nocturnal Guest
This short Petition he address'd;
" Thrice honour'd Pow'r ! whose drunken Sway
" The jovial Sons of Earth obey,
" If yet the racy Fumes are fled,
" Which seiz'd last Night thy gracious Head,
" The Hint, which then you kindly gave,
" Accomplish and oblige your Slave.
" For the great Work my Arm inspire,
" To bend aright the stubborn Wire,
" To grind the Edge, no easy Thing !
" And for the Finger shape the Ring ;
" So yearly, at thy hallow'd Shrine,
" I'll sacrifice a Tun of Wine."

He spoke, and, with his lifted Eyes,
Saw the God posting from the Skies.

Now to the mighty Task he sets
His Hands, and o'er the Anvil sweats,
First puts the Iron in the Fire,
And hammers out the glowing Wire,
Then tortures it in Curls around,
As Tendrils on the Vine are found,
Sharpens the Bottom, rounds the Top,
And finish'd bears it from the Shop ;

Well-

12 *Warning to young* MARRIED MEN.

Well-pleas'd, a *Bottle-Screw* he names it,
And sacred to the God proclaims it.

This curious Engine, says the Priest,
Shall stretch my Fame from West to East,
Me the Fox-hunting, tipling 'Squire,
And punning Curate shall admire ;
Me shall the raking Templer praise,
And Altars to my Glory raise,
When privately he treats his Whore,
And this fam'd *Screw* secures the Door ;
By me shall *Birmingham* become
In future Days more fam'd than *Rome*,
Shall owe to me her Reputation,
And serve with *Bottle-Screws* the Nation.

Warning to young Married MEN.

A T A L E.

By Mr. AMHURST.

WHILOM in *Kent* there liv'd a jolly
Swain,

Young *Colinet*, the Genius of the Plain ;
Sonnets he wrote, could sing and whistle well,
Crack witty Jokes, and merry Stories tell ;
At Wakes and Weddings always led the Dance,
And drew from every Lass the wishful Glance ;
Courteous he was, and skilful to perswade ;
Soon to his Lures he won the Parson's Maid ;

He

He married, and (O mournful to relate!)
Grew a meer Tyrant in the nuptial State;
Assum'd Dominion o'er his trembling Wife,
And prov'd a very Husband all his Life;
No more, as once, he charm'd her list'ning Ear,
Call'd her no more, *my Honey*, and *my Dear*;
But daily, from his Work returning Home,
With dreadful Oaths and Curfes shook the
Room;

To ev'ry humble Question he'd reply,
You saucy B-tch, G--d d---n you, what care I?
No Answer would the frowning Churl afford,
But snapt the Woman short at ev'ry Word;
When to the Alehouse, from his Pipe and Pot,
She came to fetch the drunken midnight Sot;
Out of the House, he cry'd, *be gone! away!*
And reeling, stammer'd in her Ears, *Obey!*
Then shook the Crab-tree Cudgel in his Hand,
The well-known Ensign of his stern Command.

Tir'd out at length with this vexatious Course,
And finding ev'ry Day that it grew worse,
She vow'd, grown desp'rate, to revenge her Wrong,
And bear no longer what she bore so long;
To a brisk neigh'ring Barber she apply'd;
With all my Heart, the gallant Barber cry'd:
Now whilst Abroad the Tyrant-bumbkin roams,
With silent Hast the watchful Lecher comes;
Her welcome Guest the injur'd Wife receives,
And for politer Work her *Spinning* leaves,

Up

14 *The PARSON and MAID ; or,*

Up Stairs she leads him, springs into his Arms,
And fir'd with Transport, opens all her Charms ;
Now, *Colly*, triumph now, in Scorn she said,
Proud of the Honours that adorn thy Head.
Three Times the pleasing Vengeance they repeat,
And with becoming Horns the *Brute* compleat.

*The PARSON and MAID ; or, COLLIN
in the Apple-Tree.*

A T A L E.

I **N** *Oxfordshire*, as Stories go,
I can't tell whether true or no ;
But true or false, or new, or old,
You have it just as I was told.
There liv'd a Swain of low Degree,
(Yet with Contentment blest, and free,)
In a small Cottage of his own,
Some Distance from the noisy Town.---
But e'er I any farther go,
'Twill proper be to let you know,
Four Cows his Number were (I ween)
That us'd to graze upon the Green ;
But some sly Thief, as People say,
In Dead of Night stole one away ;
Or else, by Chance, she went astray :
But stol'n or stray'd, it matters none,
It plain appear'd his Cow was gone.

}
Poor

Poor *Collin* went, resolv'd with Speed,
To find her out, alive or dead.
With that he travell'd, but in vain,
Thro' ev'ry Pasture, Field, and Lane.
Oe'r Hedge and Ditch his Cow he sought,
'Till to an Orchard he was brought;
Where Fruit, of most delicious Taste,
The laden Boughs alluring grac'd.

Says *Coll*', they're pleasant to the Sight,
But pleasanter by far to bite;
With that (assur'd that none cou'd see)
He instantly climb'd up the Tree.

Five Minutes scarce had he been there,
Before a Parson did appear;
Led in his Hand a comely Lass,
Came gently tripping o'er the Grass:
And just beneath that self-same Tree,
(Where *Collin* could both hear and see)
The Parson with the pretty Maid
Sat down together in the Shade.

" My bashful Muse would here have done;

" But Truth commands, she must go on."

The Parson,----if I tell it must,

Was Flesh and Blood as well as us;

A thousand loving Words express'd,

Her snowy Bosom kiss'd and press'd,

Then laid his Hand upon her B---y,

(As *Collin* on the Tree can tell ye).

Crying, my Love, what do I feel!

My dear, I must---ring Love's first Peal.---

Quoth

16 *The PARSON and MAID ; or*

Quoth she, I know not what you mean,
And I'm afraid we shall be seen.---
Besides---a Man, Sir, of your Cloth !
'Twill bring a Curse upon us both !
The Cloth ? said he,---then let it go,
There's not a Priest but will do so.
With that he caught her in his Arms,
And rifled all her blooming Charms.

This Peal being o'er, with Kisses sweet,
He did a second Peal repeat ;
While *Coll'* sat silent in the Tree ;
Ye Gods ! what Sights were there to see !
Such tickling, toying, kissing, pressing,
The Pleasures they were both possessing,
Are past a Mortal's Tongue expressing. }
Then tir'd, awhile they panting lie,
'Till some kind Pow'rs new Life supply ;
His Spirits quickly rose agen,
And then the Parson wou'd---toll in.
Their Pastime now being almost o'er,
The Parson he cou'd ring no more ;
But said, Love, since our Pleasure's done,
I'll see the Place whence it begun :
'Thus said, and rising off the Ground,
He view'd her lovely B---y round ;
With ev'ry hidden Charm beside ---
Whilst thus the Damsel, smiling, cry'd,
Pray, Sir, since you so free have been,
Inform me truly what you've seen ?

Seen,

Seen, Child ! (he answer'd with a Sneer)
Why I've seen all the World, my Dear !
Then Sir, cries *Collin*, on the Bough.
Pray tell me if you've seen my Cow ?

The Parson started with Surprise,
And up the Tree he cast his Eyes---
Then faintly cry'd, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
Pray, Sir, how long have you been there ?
Says *Coll*, shou'd I the Truth reveal,
Ise here before you rung a Peal.

Come down, my Friend, the Parson said,
And that this fame may ne'er be spread,
This Purse of yellow shining Ore
Be thine---be sure you say no more.
Coll took the Money, well content,
Forgot his Cow, and Home he went.

The CAPTAIN and SAILOR.

A T A L E.

AS *John*, the Sailor, and his Lads,
One Morn were tripping o'er the Grass ;
To gather *White-Thorn*, as they say,
It being on the First of *May*,
They did a jolly Captain meet,
And courteously each other greet.

First,

18 *The CAPTAIN and SAILOR.*

First, *John* the Sailor touch'd his Hat,
 The Captain bow'd, began to chat,
 Saying, *John*, pray how came this to pass,
 Where pick'd you up this comely Lass,
 With rosy Cheeks, and sparkling Eyes,
 Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
 Tempting to some more secret Bliss?
 Oh! *John*, I must,----must have a Kiss;
 And you, whene'er you meet my Dame,
 Shall welcome be to do the same.

Now, some Days after, being fair,
 The Captain walk'd to take the Air;
 Led in his Hand his comely Bride,
 Which luckily young *Johnny* spy'd;
 And bowing said, Sir, you know what,
 I hope you ha'n't your Word forgot?
 No, *John*, (he answer'd) by my Life,
 'Tis your Turn now,---see here's my Wife.
John smiling, cock'd his Hat aside,
 And boldly kiss'd the Captain's Bride,
 Crying, ye Gods! I'd give a Crown,
 Had he but laid my *Nancy* down.
 What then (quoth Madam) would you do?
 Why we'd have had a Tumble too.

ENVY and FORTUNE.

A TALE.

To Mrs. GARRICK.

By Mr. MOORE.

SAYS *Envy* to *Fortune*, “ Soft, soft, Madam
Flirt !

“ Not so fast with your Wheel, you’ll be down
in the Dirt !

“ Well, and how does your *David* ? Indeed my
dear Creature,

“ You’ve shewn him a wonderful deal of Good-
Nature ;

“ His Bags are so full, and such Praises his due,

“ That the like was ne’er known---and all owing
to you :

“ But why won’t you make him quite happy for
life,

“ And to all you have done, add the Gift of a
Wife ?”

Says *Fortune*, and smil’d, “ Madam *Envy*,
God save ye ;

“ But why always sneering at me and poor *Davy* ?

“ I own that sometimes, in Contempt of all
Rules,

“ I lavish my Favours on Blockheads and Fools ;
But

20 ENVY and FORTUNE.

" But the Case is quite different here, I aver it,
 " For *David* ne'er knew me, 'till brought me by
 " *Merit*.

" And yet to convince you---nay, Madam, no
 Hisses---

" Good Manners at least---Such Behaviour as
 this is !"

(For mention but *Merit*, and Envy flies out
 With a Hiss and Yell, that would silence a Rout,
 But *Fortune* went on)---" To convince you, I
 say,

" That I honour your Scheme, I'll about it To-
 Day ;

" The Man shall be marry'd, so pray now be
 easy,

" And *Garrick*, for once, shall do something to
 please you."

So saying, she rattled her Wheel out of Sight,
 While *Envy* walk'd after, and grinn'd with De-
 light.

It seems 'twas a Trick that she long had been
 brewing,

To marry poor *David*, and so be his Ruin :
 For *Slander* had told her the Creature lov'd Pelf,
 And car'd not a Fig for a Soul but himself ;
 From thence she was sure, had the *Devil* a Daugh-
 ter,

He'd snap at the Girl, so 'twas *Fortune* that
 brought her.

And

And then shou'd her Temper be fullen or haughty,
Her Flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor Fellowso out of his Reason,
That *Barry* and *Quin* would set Fashions next
Season.

But *Fortune*, who saw what the Fury design'd,
Resolv'd to get *David* a Wife to his Mind;
Yet afraid of herself in a Matter so nice,
She visited *Prudence*, and begg'd her Advice.

The Nymph shook her Head, when the Business
she knew,

And said that her female Acquaintance were few;
That excepting Miss R * * ---- O yes, there was
one,

A Friend of that Lady's, she visited none;
But the first was too great, and the last was too
good,

And as for the rest, she might get whom she cou'd.

Away hurry'd *Fortune*, perplex'd and half mad,
But her Promise was pass'd, and a Wife must be
had:

She travers'd the Town from one Corner tot'other,
Now knocking at one Door, and then at another.

The Girls curtsy'd low, as she look'd in their
Faces,

And bridled and primm'd with Abundance of
Graces;

But this was coquettish, and that was a Prude,
One stupid and dull, t'other noisy and rude:

A third

A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,
With Prate without Meaning, and Pride without
Worth ;

A fifth and a sixth, and a seventh were such
As either knew nothing, or something too much.---
In short as they pass'd, she to all had Objections,
The Gay wanted Thought, the Good-humour'd
Affections,

The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty,
And all of them Flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.

When *Fortune* saw this, she began to look silly,
Yet still she went on till she reach'd *Piccadilly* ;
But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the Night growing late,
She rested her Wheel within *Burlington Gate*.

My Lady rose up, as she saw her come in,
“ O ho, Madam *Genius* ! Pray where have you
been ? ”

(For her Ladyship thought from so serious an Air,
Twas *Genius* come home, for it seems she liv'd
there.)

But *Fortune*, not minding her Ladyship's Blunder,
And wiping her Forehead, cry'd, “ Well may
you wonder

“ To see me thus flurry'd, ”---then told her the
Case,

“ And sigh'd till her Ladyship laugh'd in her Face.

“ Mighty civil indeed ! ”---“ Come a Truce,
says my Lady,

“ A Truce with Complaints, and perhaps I may
aid ye.

“ I'll

“ I’ll shew you a Girl that-----here, *Martin* !
go tell----

“ But she’s gone to undress ; by and by is as
well---

“ I’ll shew you a Sight that you’ll fancy uncommon,

“ Wit, Beauty, and Goodness, all met in a
Woman ;

“ A Heart to no Folly or Mischief inclin’d,

“ A *Body* all Grace, and all Sweetness a *Mind*.”

“ O, pray let me see her, says *Fortune*, and
smil’d,

“ Do but give her to me, and I’ll make her
my Child----

“ But who, my Dear, who ?---for you have not
told yet.”---

“ Who indeed, says my Lady, if not *Violette* ?”

The Words were scarce spoke, when she enter’d the Room ;

A Blush at the Stranger still heighten’d her Bloom ;
So humble her Looks were, so mild was her Air,
That *Fortune*, astonish’d, sat mute in her Chair.
My Lady rose up, and with Countenance
bland,

“ This is *Fortune*, my Dear,” and presented her
Hand :

The Goddess embrac’d her, and call’d her her
own,

And, Compliments over, her Errand made known.

But

But how the sweet Girl colour'd, flutter'd, and trembled,

How oft she said no, and how ill she dissembled ;

Or how little *David* rejoic'd at the News,

And swore, from all others, 'twas her he would chuse ;

What Methods he try'd, and what Arts to prevail ;

All these, were they told, would but burthen my Tale.-----

In short, all Affairs were so happily carry'd,

That hardly six Weeks pass'd away till they marry'd.

But *Envy* grew sick when the Story she heard,
Violette was the Girl that of all she most fear'd ;

She knew her Good-Humour, her Beauty, and Sweetness,

Her Ease and Compliance, her Taste and her Neatness.

From these she was sure that her Man could not roam,

And must rise on the Stage, from Contentment at Home :

So on she went hissing, and inwardly curs'd her,

And *Garrick* next Season will certainly burst her.

*The Trial of SARAH ***, alias SLIM SAL,
for privately stealing.*

By Mr. MOORE.

THE Pris'ner was at large indicted,
For that by Thirst of Gain excited,
One Day in *July* last, at Ten,
And in the House of Mrs. P---,
From the left Breast of E--- M---, Gent.
With base felonious Intent,
Did then and there a Heart with Strings,
Rest, Quiet, Peace, and other Things,
Steal, rob and plunder; and all them
The Chattels of the said E--- M---.

The Prosecutor sworn, last *May*
(The Month he knew, but not the Day)
He left his Friends in Town, and went
Upon a Visit down in *Kent* :
That staying there a Month or two,
He spent his Time as others do,
In riding, walking, fishing, swimming;
But being much inclin'd to Women,
And young and wild, and no great Reasoner,
He got acquainted with the Prisoner.
He own'd 'twas rumour'd in those Parts
That she'd a Trick of stealing Hearts,
And, from Fifteen to Twenty-two,
Had made the Devil and all to do :

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But

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But Mr. *W---*, the Vicar,
 (And no Man brews you better Liquor)
 Spoke of her Thefts as Tricks of Youth,
 The Frolicks of a Girl forsooth.
 Things now were on another Score,
 He said; for she was Twenty-four.
 However, to make Matters short,
 And not to trespass on the Court,
 The Lady was discover'd soon,
 And thus it was. One Afternoon,
 The Ninth of *July* last, or near it,
 (As to the Day, he could not swear it)
 In Company at Mrs. *P---*'s,
 Where Folks say any Thing they please;
 Dean *L---*, and Lady *Mary* by,
 And *Fanny* waiting on Miss *Y---*,
 He own'd he was inclin'd to think
 Both were a little in their Drink;
 The Pris'ner ask'd, and call'd him Cousin,
 How many Kisses made a Dozen?
 That being, as he own'd, in Liquor,
 The Question made his Blood run quicker,
 And, Sense and Reason in eclipse,
 He vow'd he'd score them on her Lips.
 That rising up to keep his Word,
 He got as far as Kiss the Third,
 And wou'd have counted t'other Nine,
 And so all present did opine,
 But that he felt a sudden Dizziness,
 That quite undid him for the Business;

His

His Speech, he said, began to falter,
His Eyes to stare, his Mouth to water,
His Breast to thump without Cessation,
And all within one Conflagration.
Bless me! says *Fanny*, what's the Matter?
And Lady *Mary* look'd hard at her,
And stamp't, and wish'd the Pris'ner further,
And cry'd out, part them, or there's Murther!
That still he held the Pris'ner fast,
And would have stood it to the last;
But struggling to go through the rest,
He felt a Pain a-cross his Breast,
A Sort of sudden Twinge, he said,
That seem'd almost to strike him dead,
And after that such cruel smarting,
He thought the Soul and Body parting;
That then he let the Pris'ner go,
And stagger'd off a Step or so,
And thinking that his Heart was ill,
He begg'd of Miss Y----'s Maid to feel.
That *Fanny* stept before the rest,
And laid her Hand upon his Breast;
But, Mercy on us! what a Stare
The Creature gave! no Heart was there;
Souise went her Fingers in the Hole,
Whence Heart, and Strings, and all were stole.
That *Fanny* turn'd and told the Prisoner,
She was a Thief, and so she'd christen her,
And that it was a burning Shame,
And brought the House an evil Name,

And if she did not put the Heart in,
 The Man would pine and die for certain.
 The Pris'ner then was in her Airs,
 And bid her mind her own Affairs,
 And told his Reverence, and the rest of 'em,
 She was as honest as the best of 'em.
 That Lady *Mary* and Dean *L---*,
 Rose up and said, 'twas mighty well,
 But that, in gen'ral Terms they said it,
 A Heart was gone, and some one had it;
 Words would not do, for search they must,
 And search they would, and her the first.
 That then the Pris'ner dropp'd her Anger,
 And said, she hop'd they would not hang her,
 That all she did was meant in Jest,
 And there the Heart was, and the rest.
 That then the Dean cry'd out, O fye!
 And sent in Haste for Justice *I---*,
 Who, though he knew her Friends, and pity'd her,
 Call'd her hard Names, and so committed her.

The Parties present swore the same;
 And *Fanny* said, the Pris'ner's Name
 Had frighten'd all the Country round,
 And glad she was the Bill was found.
 She knew a Man, who knew another,
 Who knew the very Party's Brother,
 Who lost his Heart by mere Surprise,
 One Morning looking at her Eyes;
 And others had been known to squeak,
 Who only chanc'd to hear her speak:

For

For she had Words of such a Sort,
That though she knew no Reason for't,
Would make a Man of Sense run mad,
And rife him of all he had ;
And that she'd rob the whole Community,
If ever she had Opportunity.

The Pris'ner now first Silence broke,
And curtsy'd round her as she spoke.
She own'd, she said, it much incens'd her,
To hear such Matters sworn against her,
But that she hop'd to keep her Temper,
And prove herself *eadem semper*.
That what the Prosecutor swore
Was some part true, and some part more ;
He own'd she had been often seen with him,
And laugh'd and chatted on the Green with him :
The Fellow seem'd to have Humanity,
And told her Tales that sooth'd her Vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,
And that all Women else look'd ghastly.
But then she hop'd the Court would think
She never was inclin'd to drink,
Or suffer Hands like his to daub her, or
Encourage Men to kiss and slobber her ;
She'd have Folks know she did not love it,
Or if she did, she was above it.
But this, she said, was sworn of course,
To prove her giddy, and then worse ;
As she whose Conduct was thought *levis*,
Might very well be reckon'd thievish.

She hop'd, she said, the Court's Discerning
Would pay some Honour to her Learning,
For every Day from Four to past Six,
She went up-Stairs, and read the Classics.
Thus having clear'd herself of Levity,
The rest, she said, would come with Brevity.
And first, it injur'd not her Honour,
To own the Heart was found upon her ;
For she could prove, and did aver,
The paultry Thing belong'd to her :
The Fact was thus. This Prince of Knaves
Was once the humblest of her Slaves,
And often had confess'd the Dart
Her Eyes had lodg'd within his Heart :
That she, as 'twas her constant Fashion,
Made great Diversion of his Passion ;
Which set his Blood in such a Ferment,
As seem'd to threaten his Interment :
That then she was afraid of losing him,
And so desisted from abusing him ;
And often came and felt his Pulse,
And bid him write to Doctor *Hulse*.
The Prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
And sigh'd and said, she look'd divinely ;
But told her that his Heart was bursting,
And Doctors he had little trust in ;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 'twould mend, if once she kept it.
That having no Aversion to it,
She said, with all her Soul, she'd do it ;

But

But then she begg'd him to remember,
 If he should need it in *December*,
 (For Winter Months, would make Folks shiver,
 Who wanted either Heart or Liver)
 It never could return; and added,
 'Twas her's for Life, if once she had it.
 The Prosecutor said, Amen,
 And that he wish'd it not again,
 And took it from his Breast and gave her,
 And bow'd, and thank'd her for the Favour;
 But begg'd the Thing might not be spoke of,
 As heartless Men were made a Joke of.
 That next Day, whisp'ring him about it,
 And asking how he felt without it,
 He sigh'd, and cry'd alack! alack!
 And begg'd, and pray'd to have it back;
 Or that she'd give him her's instead on't,
 But she conceiv'd there was no need on't,
 And said, and bid him make no Pother,
 He should have neither one nor t'other.
 That then he rav'd and storm'd like Fury,
 And said that one was his *de jure*,
 And rather than he'd leave pursuing her,
 He'd swear a Robbery, and ruin her.
 That this was Truth she did aver,
 Whatever Hap betided her;
 Only that Mrs. P---, she said,
 Miss Y---, and her deluded Maid,
 And Lady Mary, and his Reverence,
 Were Folks, to whom she paid some Deference,

32 *The Trial of SARAH * * *, &c.*

And that she verily believ'd
 They were not perjur'd, but deceiv'd.
 Then Doctor D---, begg'd Leave to speak,
 And sigh'd as if his Heart would break.
 He said, that he was Madam's Surgeon,
 Or rather, as in *Greek*, Chirurgeon,
 From *chier, manus, ergon, opus*,
 (As Scope is from the *Latin*, *scopus*.)
 That he, he said, had known the Prisoner
 From the first Sun that ever rise on her;
 And griev'd he was to see her there,
 But took upon himself to swear,
 There was not to be found in Nature
 A sweeter or a better Creature;
 And if the King (God bless him) knew her,
 He'd leave St. *James's* to get to her:
 But then as to the Fact in question,
 He knew no more on't than *Hephæstion*;
 It might be false, and might be true,
 And this, he said, was all he knew.

The Judge proceeded to the Charge,
 And gave the Evidence at large,
 But often cast a Sheep's Eye at her,
 And strove to mitigate the Matter,
 Pretending Facts were not so clear,
 And Mercy ought to interfere.

The Jury then withdrew a Moment,
 As if on weighty Points to comment,
 And right or wrong resolv'd to save her,
 They gave a Verdict in her Favour.

But

But why or wherefore Things were so,
It matters not for us to know :
The Culprit, by Escape grown bold,
Pilfers alike from young and old,
The Country all around her teazes,
And robs, or murders whom she pleases.

The MIDNIGHT STUDENT, or, *The*
CURATE'S WIFE *serv'd.*

A T A L E.

DO what you can, a Woman still
(The Proverb says) must have her Will,
Or Fraud or Cunning will prevail,
Where kind Entreaties ever fail.

A Country Priest, of studious Life,
Just turn'd of thirty, took a Wife ;
The Girl full nineteen Years had tarry'd,
Too long, alas ! before she marry'd.
The Nuptial-Day in Mirth was spent,
At early Eve to Bed they went ;
He look'd next Morn' a little dull,
She blush'd and simper'd like a Fool :
Hence Physiognomists could tell,
That, so far, Matters had gone well ;
And ev'ry Day and ev'ry Night,
All, for a Month, went pretty right.

34 *The* MIDNIGHT STUDENT ; or,

From that Time, Matrons give Report,
Things seem'd a little out of Sort ;
Whene'er, amongst Tea-Table Chat,
Her Neighbours talk'd of this and that,
She brought it slyly round about,
Her Spouse's *foible* should come out ;
What pretty Woman could endure it,
From such a handsome, jolly Curate ?
To love her close for e'er, she prest him,
And Morning, Noon, and Night caress'd him :
He told her often 'twas in vain
To teize, for kissing hurt the Brain,
Forbid to hug him like a Leach,
For if he kiss'd, he could not preach.

As fond Endearments would not do,
Another Way she brought him to ;
'Tis said, the Parson could indite
His Sermons best, at dead of Night,
And, when he us'd from Sleep to wake,
Would give the Fair a rousing Shake,
“ Wife, I've a Thought exceeding bright !
“ Rise, presently, and strike a Light.”

So said, so done ; whene'er he bid it,
Obediently, she rose and did it ;
Lean'd at his Pillow with the Taper,
While he committed Pen to Paper :
Then both laid down ; he took a Snore,
And thought again, in half an Hour ;
Again, the Fair unseals her Eyes,
To gratify his Whim and rise.

Did

Did e'er before deserving Beauty,
 Contented, drudge at such hard Duty ?
 One Night he pull'd her by the Arm,
 And gave the usual rude Alarm :
 She yawn'd and stretch'd, " wake, wake my Dear,
 " (He cries !) why, sure, you cannot hear ?
 She flings her Arm across his Neck,
 And lays her Lips upon his Cheek ;
 Sighs deep ; yet seems but half awake,
 Till pinch'd, and so constrain'd to speak,
 She mutters out, " Excuse me now ;
 " 'Tis cold !---you're quite unkind, I vow."
 Aloud he bawls ; " For half a Crown,
 " I wou'dn't, Child, but set it down !"
 " La, La !" (she answers) and, with that,
 She taps his Cheek a gentle Pat,
 " I wont, unless you'll-----so and so."
 " So ! how ? (he cries)-----" Why, don't you
 know ?"---

" Pish ! afterwards, perhaps I may."---
 " But *first* !"---" Pooh ! Hussy, can't you stay ?"
 She cuddles nearer to his Face,
 And warms the Clod with an Embrace ;
 No longer, now, resist he cou'd,
 Tho cold, he yet was Flesh and Blood,
 And, therefore, did-----whate'er she wou'd. }

She kept her Word, the Candle brought,
 But, then he had forgot his Thought :
 He shakes his Head ; proceeds to schooling,
 " You see, my Dove, what comes of fooling !--"
 " You

36 SWIFT's *Verses on his own Death.*

She stops his Progress, " Ay, my Dear ;
" But next Time, we'll take better Care,
" You shall reveal your Thoughts to me,
" And charge 'em to my Memory ;
" I'll mind 'em, while we do that same,
" Or else be bound to bear the Blame."

In vain he ply'd the female Fox
With Reasons strongly orthodox ;
She prov'd, what Acts of married Life
Were orthodox in Man and Wife :
The Parson in the Strife was foil'd,
And soon the Dame was big with Child.

This teaches Neighbour, Friend and Brother,
That one good Turn deserves another.

SWIFT's *Verses on his own Death.*

AS *Rochfoucault* his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe 'em true :
They argue no corrupted Mind
In him : The Fault is in Mankind.

This Maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human Breast :
" In all Distresses of our Friends
" We first consult our private Ends :
" While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
" Points out some Circumstance to please us."

If

If this perhaps your Patience move,
Let Reason and Experience prove.

We all behold with envious Eyes
Our Equal rais'd above our Size.
I love my Friend as well as you :
But why should he obstruct my View ?
Then let me have the higher Post ;
Suppose it but an Inch at most.
If in a Battle you should find
One, whom you love of all Mankind,
Had some heroick Action done,
A Champion kill'd, or Trophy won ;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Wou'd you not wish his Laurels cropt ?
Dear honest *Ned* is in the Gout,
Lies rack'd with Pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad the Case is not your own !

What Poet would not mourn to see
His Brother write as well as he ?
But rather than they should excell,
He'd wish his Rivals all in Hell.

Her End when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, Stings, and Hisses :
The strongest Friendship yields to Pride,
Unless the Odds be on our Side.

Vain human kind ! fantastick Race !
Thy various Follies who can trace ?

Self-

38 SWIFT's *Verses on his own Death.*

Self-love, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
 Their Empire in our Hearts divide.
 Give others Riches, Power, and Station :
 'Tis all on me an Usurpation.
 I have no Title to aspire,
 Yet when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In *Pope* I cannot read a Line,
 But with a Sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one Couplet fix
 More Sense, than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous Fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his Wit.
 I grieve to be out-done by *Gay*
 In my own humorous biting Way.
Arbuthnot is no more my Friend,
 Who dares to Irony pretend ;
 Which I was born to introduce ;
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its Use.
St. John, as well as *Pultney*, knows
 That I had some Repute for Prose ;
 And, till they drove me out of Date,
 Could maul a Minister of State.
 If they have mortify'd my Pride,
 And made me throw my Pen aside ;
 If with such Talents Heav'n hath blest 'em ;
 Have I not Reason to detest 'em ?
 To all my Foes dear Fortune send
 Thy Gifts, but never to my Friend :
 I tamely can endure the first ;
 But this with Envy makes me burst.

Thus

Thus much may serve by way of Proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

The Time is not remote, when I
Must by the Course of Nature die ;
When I foresee, my special Friends
Will try to find their private Ends :
And tho' 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my Death can do them good ;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
See, how the Dean begins to break !
Poor Gentleman ! he droops apace ;
You plainly find it in his Face.
That old Vertigo in his Head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his Memory decays :
He recollects not what he says :
He cannot call his Friends to mind :
Forgets the Place, where last he din'd :
Plies you with Stories o'er and o'er ;
He told 'em fifty Times before.
How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion Wit ?
But he takes up with younger Folks,
Who, for his Wine, will bear his Jokes.
Faith, he must make his Stories shorter,
Or change his Comrades once a Quarter :
In half the Time, he talks them round ;
There must another Set be found.

For Poetry, he's past his Prime ;
He takes an Hour to find a Rhime ;

His

40 SWIFT's *Verses on his own Death.*

His Fire is out, his Wit decay'd,
 His Fancy sunk, his Muse a Jade.
 I'd have him throw away his Pen;
 But there's no talking to some Men!
 And then, their Tenderneſs appears,
 By adding largely to my Years:
 He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers *Charles* the Second.
 He hardly drinks a Pint of Wine;
 And that, I doubt, is no good Sign.
 His Stomach too begins to fail:
 Laſt Year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
 But now he's quite another Thing;
 I wiſh he may hold out till Spring.
 Then hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
 It is not yet ſo bad with us.

In ſuch a Caſe they talk in Tropes;
 And by their Fears expreſs their Hopes.
 Some great Miſfortune to portend,
 No Enemy can match a Friend.
 With all the Kindneſs they profeſs
 The Merit of a lucky Gueſs.
 When daily Howd'y's come of Courſe,
 And Servants answer, " worſe and worſe!"
 Wou'd pleaſe 'em better, than to tell,
 That, God be praiſ'd, the Dean is well.
 Then He, who propheſy'd the beſt,
 Approves the Judgment to the reſt:
 " You know, I always fear'd the worſt,
 " And often told you ſo at firſt."

He'd

He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his Prediction prove a Lie.
Not one foretels, I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some Neighbour feel a Pain
Just in the Parts where I complain ;
How many a Message would he send !
What hearty Prayers, that I should mend !
Enquire what Regimen I kept ;
What gave me Ease, and how I slept :
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the Snivelers round my Bed.

My good Companions, never fear ;
For, though you may mistake a Year,
Though your Prognostics run too fast,
They must be verif'd at last.

Behold the fatal Day arrive !
How is the Dean ? he's just alive.
Now the departing Pray'r is read :
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.

Before the Passing-Bell begun,
The News thro' half the Town has run.
Oh ! may we all for Death prepare !
What has he left ? And who's his Heir ?
I know no more, than what the News is ;
'Tis all bequeath'd to publick Uses.
To publick Uses ! there's a Whim !
What had the Publick done for him ?
Mere Envy, Avarice, and Pride :
He gave it all, but first he dy'd.

And

42 SWIFT's *Verses on his own Death.*

And had the Dean in all the Nation
No worthy Friend, no poor Relation ?
So ready to do Strangers Good,
Forgetting his own Flesh and Blood !

Now *Grubstreet* Wits are all employ'd ;
With Elegies the Town is cloy'd :
Some Paragraph in ev'ry Paper
To curse the *Dean*, or bless the *Drapier*.
The Doctors, tender of their Fame,
Wisely on me lay all the Blame.
We must confess his Case was nice ;
But he would never take Advice :
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty Years :
For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital Parts were sound.

From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
'Tis told at Court, the Dean is dead.
And Lady S----- in the Spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the ***.
The ** so gracious, mild and good,
Cries, " Is he gone ! 'tis time he shou'd.

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

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Now *Chartres*, at ----- Levee,
Tells with a Sneer the Tidings heavy :

Why,

Why, if he dy'd without his Shoes,
(Cries -----) I'm sorry for the News :
Oh, were the Wretch but living still,
And in his Place my good Friend *Will* !
Or had a Mitre on his Head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead !

Now *Curl* his Shop from Rubbish drains :
Three genuine Tomes of *Swift's* Remains !
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore* and *Cibber*.
He'll treat me, as he does my Betters,
Publish my Will, my Life, my Letters :
Revive the Libels born to die ;
Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the Scene, to represent
How those I love my Death lament.
Poor *Pope* will grieve a Month, and *Gay*
A Week, and *Arbutnot* a Day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his Pen, and drop a Tear.
The rest will give a Shrug, and cry,
" I'm sorry, but we all must die !"

Indiff'rence clad in Wisdom's Guise
All Fortitude of Mind supplies :
For how can stony Bowels melt
In those, who never Pity felt ?
When we are lasht, they kiss the Rod,
Resigning to the Will of God.

The Fools, my Juniors by a Year,
Are tortur'd with Suspence and Fear ;

Who

44 SWIFT's *Verses on his own Death.*

Who wisely thought my Age a Screen,
When Death approach'd, to stand between ;
The Screen remov'd, their Hearts are trembling ;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female Friends, whose tender Hearts,
Have better learn'd, to act their Parts,
Receive the News in doleful Dumps :

“ The Dean is dead (pray what is Trumps ?)

“ Then, Lord, have Mercy on his Soul !

“ (Ladies, I'll venture for the Vole)

“ Six Deans, they say, must bear the Pall.

“ (I wish I knew what King to call.)

“ Madam, your Husband will attend

“ The Fun'ral of so good a Friend.

“ No, Madam, 'tis a shocking Sight ;

“ And he's engag'd To-morrow Night :

“ My Lady Club will take it ill,

“ If he shou'd fail her at Quadrill.

“ He lov'd the Dean ; (I lead a Heart)

“ But dearest Friends, they say, must part.

“ His Time was come, he ran his Race ;

“ We hope he's in a better Place.

Why do we grieve, that Friends should die ?

No Loss more easy to supply.

One Year is past ; a different Scene !

No farther mention of the Dean :

Who now, alas ! no more is mist,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the Favorite of *Apollo* ?

Departed : --- *And his Works must follow :*

Must

Must undergo the common Fate ;
His kind of Wit is out of Date.

Some Country 'Squire to *Lintot* goes,
Enquires for *Swift* in Verse and Prose,
Says *Lintot*, " I have heard the Name ;
" He dy'd a Year ago. The same.
He searches all the Shop in vain.

" Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane*.

" I sent them with a Load of Books

" Last *Monday* to the Pastry Cooks.

" To fancy, they could live a Year !

" I find, you're but a Stranger here.

" The Dean was famous in his Time,

" And had a kind of Knack at Rhime :

" His way of Writing now is past :

" The Town has got a better Taste.

" I keep no antiquated Stuff,

" But Spick and Span I have enough.

" Pray, do but give me Leave to shew 'em :

" Here's *Colley Cibber's* Birth-day Poem.

" This Ode you never yet have seen

" By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.

" Then, here's a Letter finely pen'd

" Against the *Craftsman* and his Friend :

" It clearly shews, that all Reflection

" On Ministers is Dis-affection.

" Next, here's Sir *Robert's* Vindication,

" And Mr. *Henley's* last Oration :

" The Hawkers have not got 'em yet :

" Your Honour please to buy a Sett ?

Suppose

46 SWIFT'S *Verses on his own Death.*

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
A Club assembled at the *Rose* :
Where, from Discourse of this and that,
I grow the Subject of their Chat :

The Dean, if we believe Report,
Was never ill receiv'd at Court.

Altho' ironically grave,
He sham'd the Fool, and lash'd the Knave.

" Sir, I have heard another Story ;

" He was a most confounded Tory ;

" And grew, or he is much bely'd,

" Extremely dull before he dy'd.

Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget ?

Is not our *Nation* in his Debt ?

'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters* ----- !

" He shou'd have left them for his *Betters* :

" We had a hundred *abler Men*,

" Nor need *depend* upon his *Pen*---

" Say what you will about his *reading*,

" You never can *defend* his *Breeding* :

" Who, in his *Satyrs* running riot,

" Could never leave the *World* in quiet----- ;

" Attacking, when he took the *Whim*,

" *Court, City, Camp* ; all one to him-----.

" But, why wou'd he, except he *slobber'd*,

" Offend our *Patriot*, Great Sir *R*----- ?

" Whose *Councils* aid the Sov'reign Pow'r

" To *save* the *Nation* ev'ry Hour.

" What *Scenes* of Evil he unravels,

" In *Satyrs, Libels, Lying Travels* !

" Not

“ Not sparing his own *Clergy-Cloth*,

“ But, *eats* into it like a *Moth*---- !

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean,
Had too much Satyr in his Vein ;
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no Age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or *Ridicul'd*, or *Lash'd*.
If you *resent* it, who's to blame ?
He neither knew *You*, nor your *Name*.
Should Vice expect to 'scape Rebuke,
Because its Owner is a Duke ?
His Friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling Kind :
No Fools of Rank, or Mongrel Breed,
Who fain wou'd pass for Lords indeed,
Where Titles give no Right or Power,
And Peerage is a wither'd Flower.
He wou'd have deem'd it a Disgrace,
If such a Wretch had known his Face.
He never thought an Honour done him,
Because a Peer was proud to own him :
Wou'd rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with Wits in dirty Shoes ;
And scorn the Tools with Stars and Garters,
So often seen careffing *Chartres*.

He kept with Princes due Decorum ;
Yet never stood in Awe before 'em.
He follow'd *David's* Lesson just :
In *Princes* never put his *Trust* :

And,

48 SWIFT'S *Verses on his own Death.*

And, would you make him truly sower,
Provoke him with a Slave in Power,

“ Alas, poor *Dean* ! his only Scope
“ Was to be held a *Misanthrope*.
“ This into gen’ral *Odium* drew him,
“ Which if he lik’d, *much Good may do him* !
“ His *Zeal* was not to lash our *Crimes*,
“ But, *Discontent* against the *Times* :
“ For, had we made him *timely* Offers
“ To raise his *Post*, or fill his *Coffers*,
“ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
“ Like other *Brethren* of his *Gown* :
“ For *Party* he would scarce have bled----;
“ I say no more----, because he’s *dead*----,
“ What *Writings* has he left behind---- ?”

I hear, they’re of a different kind :

A few, in *Verse* ; but most, in *Prose*----,
“ Some *high flown Pamphlets*, I suppose---- :
“ All scribbled in the *worst* of *Times*,
“ To palliate his Friend *Oxford*’s *Crimes*,
“ To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
“ As never fav’ring the *Pretender*---- :
“ Or *Libels* yet conceal’d from *Light*,
“ Against the *Court* to shew his *Spight* ;
“ Perhaps, his *Travels*, *Part the Third*,
“ A *Lye*, at ev’ry *second Word* :
“ Offensive to a *Loyal Ear*---- ;
“ But----not one *Sermon*, you may swear.”----

As for his Works, in *Verse* or *Prose*,
I own myself no Judge of those.

Nor

Nor can I tell, what Criticks thought 'em;
But this I know, all People bought 'em,
As with a moral View design'd,
To *please*, and to *reform* Mankind!
And, if he often miss'd his Aim,
The *World* must own it, to their *Shame*,
The *Praise* is *His*, and *Theirs* the *Blame*.
He gave the little Wealth he had,
To build a House for Fools and Mad;
To shew, by one Satyric Touch,
No Nation wanted it so much:
And since you dread no farther Lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his Ashes.

}

The Return from WINDSOR Fair.

A DIALOGUE.

IN new Straw Hats, and cleanest Gowns,
A Crowd of Lasses with their Clowns,
Who also (as they thought) well drest,
Were in their newest, and their best,
But aukward in their Clothes and Gaits,
The Gloss upon their Coats and Hats,
Looking, whenever still they stood,
Like clumsy Figures carv'd in Wood;
From seeing Shews, and drinking Ale,
And gnawing Gingerbread quite stale,

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From

50 *The Return from WINDSOR Fair.*

From buying Topknots, Buckles, Rings,
Drums, Babies, Rattles, and such Things ;
At Night as to their Homes they walk'd,
'Twas thus they play'd, and thus they talk'd.

Tom. Well overtaken, How do ye do ?
And how is't *Harry* ? How is't *Sue* ?

Susan. I thank you *Thomas*----How do you ?
What ----I suppose you've been at Fair ?

Tom. Yes , and I've sold the old grey Mare.

Harry. Good lack ! and pray what mought
she bring ?

Tom. Why----Three Pound ten, or some such
Thing.

Hog Flesh was mighty dear to Day :
I heard old *Richard Harrow* say
(As he stood chewing of some Figs)
He'd bought a Sow, and seven Pigs ;
And what d'you think he gave the Chap ?

Harry. Why----

I can't say what---- Two Pound may hap.

Tom. Two Guineas, and a Pint of Beer :

Harry. Nay then they are confounded dear.

Tom. What, ----You have been at Fair too
Molly ?

And how does little pretty *Dolly* ?

Dol. Let me alone---don't be so teasing ;
You're always rumpling one, and squeezing.

John. At her again *Tom*,---never mind her ;
I'll have at *Susan* here behind her.

Susan.

The Return from WINDSOR Fair. 51

Susan. Be quiet---I ne'er saw such Loobies,
They're always feeling of one's Bubbies.

Harry. Nay---now if you're at this Vagary,
I'll e'en have one sly Bout with *Mary*.

Mary. Pshaw-----Pish-----You're all grown
perfect Goats ;

Don't thrust your Hand so up my Coats.

Tom. Did you see *Patty* with her Belly ?

Susan. Ah she's a good one, let me tell ye.

Dol. Why,-----sure she can't have long to
go ?

Mary. I can't tell that, but this I know,
To-Day she was at Puppet-Show

With *William*, whom, I think, she'd rather
Of the two to be the Father ;

Tho' at the Justice's, I learn,

She swore *Ned* got it in a Barn :

Poor Fellow, he is like to pay.

Susan. Is't true ?----I heard our Gammer say,
That *Robin Spade* was run away.

Tom. He dud----but now he's out of Pain ---
She swearing so, he's come again.

Dol. I vow I'm sorry for poor *Ned*,
An honest Man as e'er broke Bread.

Mary. Pooh---Lord---nay---fie now, prithee
Harry,

Can't you be easy 'till you marry ?

Harry. You're just like any Girl at School.

Mary. Your're always playing of the Fool.

52 *The Return from WINDSOR Fair.*

Dol. I met to Day with a Mishap,
I'd bought an Edging for a Cap,
And put it in my Bosom safe,
When on a sudden up comes *Ralph*;
Who says, I'm glad to see thee *Dolly*,
Did you meet any where with *Melly*?
No, says I, *Ralph*----I cannot tell,
Is n't she yonder at the Bell?
So -----

I says no more, but went my Way,
And saw the Folks at Cudgel play;
I stood there about half an Hour---
Mayhap it mought be somewhat more :
Who should stand by me, but our *Nan* ;
When up there comes a handsome Man,
A lovelier, jollier Man, I say,
One shall not see in Summers Day ;
He looks hard at us---by and by,
He comes and stands 'twixt *Nan* and I.
So I-----

While *Ben* at Cudgel Play was beat'n,
Stood cracking Nuts, and staring at'n :
He whips his Hand quite round my Waist,
Then kifs'd my Lips, and held me fast :
I being in this ugly Case,
Hit him a deuced Slap o'th' Face.
With that the staring, gaping Crowd,
All clapp'd their Hands, and laugh'd aloud ;
He then did soon let go his Hold,
But was so impudent and bold,

To thrust his Hand quite down my Stays ;
He smil'd, and then he went his Ways.

Susan. Let me alone, *Jan*---prithee will ye
Don't pull me so----don't be so silly.

Dol. And so as I before was saying,
They had no sooner done their playing,
Who shou'd I meet but *Betty Haycock*,
Walking about with *Patty Laycock*.

Mary. Be quiet, can't you? How you
hawl ———

Harry. Lord a Mercy, how you bawl !
One cannot touch you, but you squawl.

Dol. Now————

I thought no more on't, no, not I,
Than of the Hour I was to die.
So, says I, *Betty* how does Daddy?
And how does *Patty's* dear sweet Baby?
Says *Pat*, I left my little *Bobby*,
Riding about upon his Hobby.

Oh Dear, says I, and can he walk?
And does he now begin to talk?
Says *Pat*, he often cries out, ah!
Stretches his Hands, and says, Dadda!
Says I, again, I wish you Joy;
I swear it is a lovely Boy.

Pray what's become of *Katy Stone*?
Says *Pat*, what, is not that yet known?
Oh Dear, she's had a little one.

I being but her next Door Neighbour,
Was sent to, and was at her Labour:

54 *The Return from WINDSOR Fair.*

When all was over I was glad,
 For 'twas a grievous Time she had ;
 Indeed she was most piteous bad.
 And Lord, says I, what Pity 'tis !
 But what does *Gaffer* say to this ?
 Says *Pat*, he swears *Will* shall be found,
 If any where above the Ground ;
 For as to Bastards, he'll keep none,
 That are not prov'd to be his own.
 You know that *Joan* will marry *Peter* :
 Indeed, says I, she can't do better ;
 He'll have, as sure as this is Ground,
 His Mother's Goods, and twenty Pound,
 Besides the House quite free from Rent,
 Which is a pretty Settlement.
 And how does *Furrow* ?---*Furrow* ?----Well.
 They say he's near, tho' I can't tell ;
 But he's, I know, upon the Whole,
 A chearful, merry, good old Soul.

Susan. One can't be easy, that one can't,
 Lord *John* ! be quiet then----you shan't.

Dol. What is't you'd be at there, *Sue* ?
 Let her alone, *Jan*---prithee do.

Susan. I think he's grown a perfect Hog ;
 I'll break his Head, a nasty Dog :
 He's making rattling, silly Speeches,
 And puts my Hand into his Breeches.

Dol. Don't, *Jan*—where was't I made an
 End ?

Oh ! I was talking with my Friend.

So,

So, says she, *Dick* has ta'en a Trade ;
 He's left off hedging, and the Spade.
 Says I, oh ! now you talk of Hedging,
 I bought to Day the prettiest Edging----
 With that I put my Hand in Haste
 Into my Stays, quite to my Waist ;
 I feels my Pockets, shakes my Clothes,
 But where 'twas gone, old *Harry* knows.
 Now such a Thing, you know, one dashes,
 I'm sure I look'd as pale as Ashes.
 Says I, let's think where I have been,
 Who is't to Day that I have seen ?
 Thinks I, 'tis gone, that's a plain Case,
 Sure *Thomas* wou'd not be so base !
 No, he'd his Hand at t'other Place.
William was rude---but 'twas in Jest,
 Besides, he only felt my Breast :
 Wasn't *Ben* ?---ay---that I doubt me ;
 His Hands were creeping all about me ;
 Tho't can't be him, for all Folks say,
 He's true, and honest as the Day.

Susan. Well-----

As I hope to be sav'd then you-----

John. Now why so loud ? What is't I do ? }

Dol. Don't shriek so, prithee lett'n *Sue*. }

Susan. You don't know what he's at, I tell ye,
 He's got his Hand upon my Belly.

Dol. So thinking upon one and t'other,
 Of *James*, and *Bob*, and *Sally's* Brother,

56 *The Return from WINDSOR Fair.*

At last I feels a Smart and Itching,
Just where that *Rascal* had been twitching ;
I mean that lusty, handsome Man,
Who stood sometime 'twixt me and *Nan* :
I then cries out, 'tis he egad,
As sure as that nine Loaves are Bread ;
I'll forfeit else my Maidenhead.
At this Conclusion all the Rest
Shouted, and laugh'd at such a Jest.

It now was late, the Night was fine,
The Ground was dry, the Moon did shine,
Swinging their Arms, in Haste they walk,
Some sing, some squeak, and others talk.
So taken up, they did not mind
That *John* and *Susan* lagg'd behind ;
Who both fell to it, nothing fearing ;
The rest be'ng gone quite out of hearing :
John was resolv'd to have a Bout,
And *Susan* whisper'd a Cry out.

Susan. Nay, fie now *Jan*, what is't you mean ?

John. Lie down my Girl, the Ground is clean.

Susan. You're drunk I b'lieve, how rude you're
grown ?

You shan't, for all you've got me down.

I'll scratch you, that I will---oh Lord !

John. Now hold your Tongue---don't speak
a Word.

Susan. Good God ! what Mischief are you
brewing ?

You woud'n't surely be my Ruin ?

Nay,

Nay, dear now, do not *Jan*, I begs;
What is't you've got between my Legs?
Oh! How you hurt me!

John. Do not fear it.

Susan. I am not able, oh!---to bear it.
You stifle me,---I'm out of Breath;
You squeeze a Body quite to Death.

John. Lie still then, and heave up your Bum:
Why don't you closer to me come?

Susan. I'll swear you are a wicked Man,---
I am as close as e'er I can.

Now should you prove false to me *Jan*?---
Make Haste, suppose we should be found
In this same Posture on the Ground?

Oh! now ---- my Dear ---- come close ---- my
Treasure,

Oh Lord! ---- you kill me ---- quite ---- with
---- Pleasure.

The Lovers lay a-while quite hush'd,
Then rose, *John* grinn'd, and *Susan* blush'd,
She puts to Rights her Clothes, and Cap,
Not thinking of an After-clap;
For when he laid her on the Green,
'Twas in a Place that was not clean;
So in the doing of the Knack,
She'd got a Cow-turd on her Back.

John button'd up, and wip'd his Face,
Which done, they both strode on a-Pace;
They trudge along, such Haste they make,
That soon the rest they overtake.

58 *The Return from WINDSOR Fair.*

So when they were together met,
 Seeing them both in such a Sweat,
 Their Shouting I shall ne'er forget.
 But when they saw the sheepish Lout-herd,
 And *Susan's* Back bedaub'd with Cow-turd,
 Their Laugh was louder than at first,
 I thought indeed they wou'd have burst.
 They held their Sides at such a Sight,
 Nor cou'd they hold themselves upright;
 But stoop'd, and when they would have spoke,
 A loud Horse-Laugh their Words did choak.
 But when they'd finish'd this Uproar,
 And laugh'd until their Sides were sore,
 Each one had something smart to say,
 And thus they chat, and keep their Way.

Harry. Why *Jan*---thou look'st a little blue.

Mary. Ay, by my Troth---and so does *Sue*.

Methought they staid a plaguy while---

Dol. *Jan* help'd her over yonder Style.

Mary. I'm sure we've walk'd since that a
 Mile.

Susan. Nay, Mistress *Mary*, you have need,
 Of all Folks, make this Rout, indeed!

Pray hold your Tongue, and don't you chatter,
 Who staid?---And what was there the Matter,
 Where *Harry* was a making Water?

Now *Jan* and I are not so fond,
 We only staid at that same Pond,
 That lies on this Side o' th' Spittle,
 To see the Moon there dance a little.

Tom.

Tom. *Sue* lay there on her Back, no doubt,
To see the Moon pop in and out.

Susan. Why how now, you pert, saucy *Jack*?
Pray what's the Matter with my Back?

Harry. Your Back?----look here,---upon my
Word,

'Tis quite all over Dirt and Turd.
At this they turn her round about,
And then they give another Shout.

Susan. Now look you *Jan*,---why now you see;
I said, I did so, how 'twould be;
The Fool mought easily have known,
That he would daub and spoil my Gown;
For teizing me, I pray'd'n for Love,
With that I gav'n a great Shove;
So down he falls, away runs I,
Says he, I'll catch you by and by:
Do if you can, says I,---then he
Flings a great Cow-chip after me,
Which being something wet came spat,
And spreads upon my Shoulder flat:
Says I-----

How can such Things your Fancy tickle?
You'll make me in a pretty Pickle:
Then presently sowsse comes another,
Which stuck, as I suppose, by t'other.
And so you have it now all out:
A mighty Thing to cause this Rout!
This said, she sobb'd, and wip'd an Eye,
And fetch'd a Sigh, and feign'd a Cry.

The

60 *The Return from WINDSOR Fair.*

The Country Girl, the City Dame,
Are both alike, they're both the same.
For Woman still will do the Feat :
She's all a Lie, she's all a Cheat.
She'll say she's not so weak and frail,
Next Minute she'll turn up her Tail ;
Then to the next that asks, forbid it,
And say, and swear she never did it :
For when she once is enter'd in,
She'll swear, and lie thro' thick and thin.

But now the Village is in Sight,
Where they must quickly bid good Night.
A Brook they pass, with Weeds quite rank,
With Willows growing on its Bank ;
Now on the Bridge the Men begin
To play, and push each other in ;
One falls, and pulls another after,
The rest are dead almost with Laughter :
They're in a Mead, they 'proach the Houses,
Some lug along their weary Spouses ;
Some go before and hoop, and hollow,
Others with sucking Children follow ;
One shoves and pushes 'gainst the other,
So tumble over one another :
Some talk, some play, some kifs, some squabble,
Some run, some walk, while others hobble ;
Dogs bark, Hens cackle, Turkeys gobble :
They're got among by this, one learns,
Thatch'd Houses, Hovels, Ricks and Barns,

And

And now their Day of Pleasure's past,
I e'en have brought them Home at last.

Susan she halts behind some Trees,
And gives *John's* Hand a gentle Squeeze ;
One takes a Hug, and Buſs at Parting,
Another ſtretching, falls a farting :
Some few among the reſt are miſſing,
And thoſe behind old Oaks are piſſing :
Each bids good-Night, and goes t' his Cottage,
Where after eating Meſs of Pottage,
Into their dirty Neſts they creep,
And there they fall quite faſt aſleep.

The SPECTACLES.

A T A L E.

From LA FONTAINE.

IN Days of Yore, as Authors ſay,
There liv'd a Spark, for am'rous Play
By Nature form'd, and well I ween,
He beardleſs was, and ſcarce Fifteen,
Which for his Purpoſe ſuited well,
As preſently I mean to tell.
With Nuns well-ſtock'd a Convent ſtood,
Juſt *a propos*, i'th' Neighbourhood ;
He oft' had view'd with longing Eye,
The holy Maids as he paſs'd by ;

Wou'd

Wou'd sometimes stop, and at the Grate
To steal a Look, whole Hours wait.
At length with dull Attendance tir'd,
With want of Consummation fir'd,
To gain his Point, at once he ventur'd,
And in Disguise the *Convent* enter'd :
The *Abbess* took him for a Maid,
Coletta, was his Name, he said,
And then with Rev'rence due he kiss'd her,
As might become a holy Sister.
Long had he not been there I trust,
O ! dire Disgrace ! but out it must,
'Ere Sister *Agnes* had been playing ;
'Twere better far she'd minded praying.
But so it prov'd, and by it got----
Perhaps the Grave may ask me what ?
And tell me, that I shou'd have said,
A woful Chance besel the Maid,
For *Agnes*, ever counted chaste,
Grew wond'rous round about the Waist ;
And in due Time, as it is said,
Of a young Thing was brought to Bed.
The holy Sisters in Amaze,
Did at it, as a Wonder gaze :
As well they might, nor cou'd suppose,
From Earth, as Mushrooms do, it rose,
Or *Manna* like, from Heav'n it fell,
Such Miracles, they knew full well
Were long Time ceas'd ; (tho' as they say,
Their *Priests* work Wonders to this Day.)

So all determin'd *Nemine Con*,
It never could come there alone.
Besides, if I may speak the Truth,
It much resembled this our Youth.
The *Abbeſs* in a mighty Paſſion,
(For Scolding then too was in faſhion)
Vow'd Vengeance on the miſcreant Baſe,
Who thus had ſcandaliz'd the Place,
And then for ſundry, weighty Reaſons,
Poor Siſter *Agnes* ſhe imprifons;
Next how to find the Father out,
Began to make a mighty Rout.
The Houſe was guarded with ſuch Care,
The Walls ſo high, no Entrance there,
The Nun, who kept the Tour,* was old,
And Proof againſt the Pow'r of Gold.
Theſe Things premis'd, how it cou'd be
She wond' red much, tho' certainly
A Man there muſt be in Diſguiſe,
The which he wore to 'ſcape Surprize;
Therefore at once the Truth to have,
She to the Nuns this Order gave;
“ Strip every Maid to find this Dragon,
“ Let not a Siſter have a Rag on.”
How this Command perplex'd our Youth,
Fearing thereby the *naked* Truth
Muſt be found out, you all may gueſs,
The more he rack'd his Brains, the leſs

* The Tour, in the *French* Nunneries, is the Turning Box where Proviſions and other Neceſſaries are taken in.

He thought it possible, that He
Shou'd e'er escape the Place Scot free;
Until at length Necessity,
The Mother of Invention she,
Assisted him with a Device,
To 'scape this Scrutiny so nice,
And get clear off; it was to tye---
But gentle Reader, how shall I
My Meaning modestly express,
In Words so clear that you may guess,
At what he ty'd, nor be mistaken,
How he contriv'd to save his Bacon?
'Twill be no easy Task I fear,
But faith I'll try, so take it here.

Once on a Time, as it is said,
Our Bodies all were open made,
And so contriv'd that easily,
Whoever had a Mind, might see
The various Things that each contain'd,
Whose Heart was with Dishonour stain'd,
Or with Deceit and Flatt'ry drest,
For all was then so clear exprest,
One might discern with half an Eye,
If any dar'd to couch a Lye,
And better had it been if still,
By Fates inexorable Will,
Our Breasts thus open had remain'd;
Then Friendship ne'er had been prophan'd,
But every Falsehood clear display'd,
In whatsoever Heart it laid;

Phy-

Physicians too would find their End,
It surely wou'd their Judgment mend,
As then they'd easily perceive,
What they were summon'd to relieve,
And not as now like Blindmen grope,
Leaving their Patients void of Hope.
First one they poison, then another,
Resolv'd their Want of Skill to smother ;
Had Man but Windows in his Breast,
He'd stand some better Chance at least,
As they cou'd not so often fail
In their Attempts----but to my Tale.

The Females being most expos'd,
Begg'd that this Op'ning might be clos'd,
Complaining that it was so wide,
They for their Souls cou'd nothing hide.
Dame Nature then, our common Mother,
Contriv'd a Way to end this Pother,
To both the Sexes she bestow'd
A Lace, with which, these Gaps they sow'd ;
The Women theirs too thick did stitch,
And at the Bottom left a Nitch :
The Men were also in the Wrong,
For they the Stitches made too long,
And did not all the Thong expend,
But left a Piece at nether End.
Now this is what the Youth did tie ;
The Reason you may guess, for why.
By this Device all seem'd so flat,
There was no Sign of you know what ;

But

But sure the Thread had ne'er been able,
(Were it compar'd in Strength to Cable,)
To keep confin'd that boist'rous Part,
Some how or other it must start.
Had Saints, nay Angels, too been there,
The Case had been the same I fear,
When, to full View, each lov'ly Maid,
Stood in her Birth-day Suit array'd,
With beauteous Shape and graceful Mien,
As those who wait on *Cyprian* Queen.

The *Abbess* on her Nose did wear,
Of SPECTACLES, a weighty Pair,
For being old, they serv'd her now
To search the Matter thro' and thro'.
Surrounded by her twenty Nuns,
Whose swellings Breasts, like new cross Buns,
Or Bladders blown by dint of Wind,
Luxuriant rose; and you wou'd find,
On them in fact, was Trial made,
A Pea wou'd dance as on Drum-head.
This put our Youth upon the Rack,
For fear the strait-ty'd Strings should crack;
And so they did, for at one Bounce,
Away it flew with mighty Flounce,
As when a fiery Steed disdains
To bear the Yoke, and scorns the Reins,
When once got loose; upright it rose,
And struck the *Abbess* on the Nose,
The SPECTACLES to th' Cieling threw;
And nigh o'erturn'd the Bearer too;

Who

Who you may think enrag'd at this,
A Council calls, wherein it is,
After Debate, by all agreed,
With flogging this our Youth must bleed.---
This said, they seiz'd the luckless Wight,
And 'gan to exercise their Spite ;
They ty'd him to a Tree that grew,
Within the Yard, of mournful *Yew*.
Then went to search with Indignation,
For Instruments of Flagellation.
But Fortune, who the boldest favours,
Blasted at once their curst Endeavours.

A lusty *Miller*, on a Mule,
Came riding in----they say no Fool.
Cou'd play at Coits, and cudgel well,
Would kiss a Girl, but never tell.

“ Heyday ! says he, What have we here ?
“ A wond'rous pretty Saint I swear.
“ But say, young Man, I long to know,
“ Which of the Sisters serv'd you so ?
“ Sure with the Nuns you've been at play,
“ And for it suffer thus to Day,
“ For if there's ought in Strength of Back,
“ I judge you well a Nun can crack.”

The Youth reply'd in mighty Dudgeon,
Thinking that now he'd catch'd a Gudgeon,
“ My Friend, you quite mistake the Case,
“ For which I suffer this Disgrace,
“ Had I with their Request comply'd,
“ I never now had thus been ty'd ;

“ Besides

" Besides a *whipping* too I fear,
 " For being chaste----'tis hard I swear,
 " Tho' must submit, howe'er it be----
 " I can't give up my Chastity."

The *Miller* straitway in Surprize,
 Laughing, the fast bound Cords unties,
 And to the Youth address'd this Speech;
 " Poor, scrup'lous Fool, I'll save thy Breech,
 " You'd cut no Figure in this Place ;
 " Were but our Parson in such Case,
 " He'd ne'er behave, as thou hast done ;
 " Quick, tye me to the Tree and run :
 " You're ignorant I plainly see,
 " And not for Business fit like me,
 " Let all the Sisters come, I warrant,
 " They sha'nt return without their Errant.
 The Youth not wanting better Sport,
 Soon ty'd him fast, and scamper'd for't.

The *Miller* now stark naked stood,
 In waiting for the Sisterhood,
 When soon of Nuns, at least a Score,
 Who *Rods*, instead of Tapers bore,
 In order came, and one and all,
 Did presently to jerking fall ;
 While he provok'd, as well he might,
 Cry'd, " Softly Ladies, by this Light,
 " You're in the Wrong, I'm not that Booby,
 " But for the Sport as fit as you be.
 " You'll Wonders see, if you'll but try----
 " Cut both my Ears off if I lye.

" I am a Devil at that same,
 " You apprehend me,----guess the Name.
 " But in this scourging, on my Soul,
 " A Novice quite,----an arrant Fool.
 " A Fool? a toothless Virgin cries,
 " If that's the Case, we'll make you wise.
 " Are you not Father of the Brat?----
 " For him you'll pay, besure of that:"
 And then to whipping fell again,
 The *Miller* bellow'd out amain,
 (Fearing he was not understood,)
 " Ladies, I'll---kiss you all by G---d!
 " All I will do that's in my Pow'r,
 " If you will give your scourging o'er."

The more the *Miller* crack'd his Jokes,
 The more the Girls renew'd their Strokes,
 And flogg'd him with such dextrous Art,
 That made him loudly roar with Smart.

While thus he underwent a Whipping,
 His Mule upon the Grass was skipping.----
 I care not what became of both,
 It is enough, he sav'd the *Youth*.
 And Reader, say, wou'd you have been,
 For twelve such Beauties in his Skin?

LOVE *disarm'd*: Or, BLIND-MAN'S
BUFF.

A T A L E.

AS truant *Cupid* on the Rake,
One Night was rambling thro' the Streets,
To try what Captives he could make,
With *Chloe* and her Comrades meets.

“ My Fair Ones, whither pray so fast ?

“ Cries the enquiring *God of Love* ;

“ Indeed I'll know from whence this Haste

“ Before a Step you further move.

“ Pausing a little, answer'd *Chloe*,

“ Bless me !---That I should be so stupid ;

“ If you'll go with us we will show you,

“ For, Sir, I think your Name is *Cupid*.

They all to Cousin *Molly's* went,

A wanton Game at Romps to play ;

Where *Cupid*, on a Frolick bent,

Resolv'd to sport an Hour away.

But what's the Game?---Why, *Blind-Man's Buff* ;

The chuckling, roguish *Chloe* cry'd,

“ You want to laugh, we'll laugh enough :

“ But then whose *Sight* shall we first hide !

“ Mine,

“ Mine, mine, the eager Urchin cry’d,
“ Ye Fair Ones circle me around;
Then loos’d his Quivers from his Side,
And flung his Arrows on the Ground.

Quite o’er his Eyes a Veil they bind,
From the least Glimmering they restrain’d him,
And made the Rogue as *really* blind
As ever fabling *Poets* feign’d him.

Soon as they’re eager at the Sport,
Designing *Chloe* slipt away,
And to LOVE’s Arrows had Resort,
Which, scatter’d, in a Corner lay.

Trembling, confus’d, all in a Hurry,
The *feather’d Arrows* she conceal’d:
Somewhere she hid ’em in a Flurry,
But *where*, the *Tale* has not reveal’d.

Then join’d in *Play*: With *Play* tir’d out,
Now each collects her *Hood* and *Fan*,
Cupid for’s *Arrows* search’d about,
And round and round the Room he ran.

At length he charg’d them all with *Theft*,
And *buff’d* and *swore* and made a *Pother*,
If of his Shafts he was bereft,
He strait would run and tell his *Mother*.

The

The Thief unknown ; the *God of Love*
 The Roguish *Chloe* most suspected ;
 But he could nothing on her prove,
 And all are *honest* till detected.

Cupid to *Venus* being come,
 With Tears the mournful Tale related,
 " Oh *Cupid*, *Cupid*, we're undone,
 " How ill both *you* and *I* are fated ?

" We both, she cries, shall have Disgrace,
 " Beauty shall in vain lye panting ;
 " And to *Platonic Love* give Place,
 " If thy poignant Darts are wanting.

What's to be done in this Dilemma,
 Nor he, or she, cou'd tell or know,
 'Till blubb'ring *Cupid*, cry'd, dear *Mamma*;
 Let's a Search-Warrant take for *Clo*.

'Tis done---next Night with secret Speed
 They both to *Chloe's* Lodging fled,
 Where soon they found the Thief indeed,
 For *Chloe* just had slept to bed.

Boldly they ran to the Bed-side,
 (Ill manner'd Folk I do confess)
 Her blushing Face she strove to hide,
 Whether thro' Shame or Guilt, you'll guess.

" Hold "

“ Hold up your Hand---Then straightway said
 “ To her th’ offended *God of Love*,
 “ And hear th’ Indictment to you read,
 “ Which we this Night are come to prove.

“ Your Charge thus in th’ Indictment lies,
 “ Accus’d you stand, that having not
 “ The *Fear of Love before your Eyes*,
 “ *You’ve all his keenest Arrows got.*

At which she lifted up her Head,
 And thus began his Charge to jeer :
 “ Mean you those Arrows, Sir, she said,
 “ I bought my Brother at the Fair ?

With that enrag’d he bounc’d about,
 And search’d each Place the Room around ;
 The Locks he broke and made a Rout ;
 But still his Darts could not be found.

“ Now, bold Intruder, *Chloe* said,
 “ I hope you’re satisfy’d in *me* :
 ---“ Not yet, cry’d he,---Let’s search your *Bed*,
 “ For ought we know they *there* may be.

With roving Fingers strait he tears
 The Bed Clothes, which she round her gathers ;
 “ Oh cease ! Oh cease, cries he, your Fears,
Mamma, I’m sure I feel their *Feathers*.

A CURE for LOVE.

A TALE.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

THE Sages all are much divided,
 Nor is the Question yet decided,
 From whence springs Love. All own its Laws,
 Yet each assigns a diff'rent Cause.
 Some point out Wit, some point out Wealth,
 Some Youth and Beauty, Strength and Health,
 Well has his happy Pen display'd,
 Who satisfy'd the *Curious Maid* ;*
 Why the fond Youth, for the coy Fair,
 Looks with a downcast pensive Air ;
 What gives his Heart Desires to know,
 His Blood to boil, his Veins to glow.

Now let us make our Muse consider,
 Nor can ev'n Modesty forbid her,
 How her own Sex, so soft by Nature,
 So sweet in Symmetry and Feature,
 So like their *China*, tender Ware,
 So nice, so painted, and so fair,
 Can bear to mingle with th' Impure,
 Or can dissemble, to endure,
 (And have done since their Kind began,)
 That hideous, bearded Monster, *Man*.

* *Hildibrand Jacob*, Esq; Author of a Tale so called. See
 Vol. I. Page 5.

But

But let us leave scholastick Diction,
Which none e'er carried to Conviction ;
And like more modish Authors move,
Supposing what we cannot prove :
Left Argument should be too faint,
Drop the Dispute in Fable quaint ;
And by reciting some old Tale,
Make Jest supply when Reasons fail.

Once on a Time, no matter when,
But all strange Stories happen'd then,
Grown grey in thriving Tricks of Trade,
Plumbino liv'd, a wealthy Blade.
Through sixty Years he Life had led,
And ten had mourn'd a widow'd Bed ;
One only Daughter blest him ;-----fair ?
Divinely so,-----his Fortune's Heir.
As yet unripe for Scenes of Courting,
For she was hardly turn'd of Fourteen ;
Howe'er she felt some new Emotions,
Yet was but aukward in her Notions.
Her pleasing Pertness in Behaviour,
Entir'ly won her Father's Favour ;
To others humourfome and snarling ;
But *Fanny* was his Bosom's Darling.
Oft would he gaze upon her Face,
And ev'ry well-known Feature trace :
With Rapture listen to her Prattling,
And learn the News of her Tea-tattling,
Then, impotent his Joy to smother,
Cry " Just so charming was her Mother."

Whate'er she wish'd if she but hinted,
 No Pains were spar'd, no Costs were stinted
 To purchase it. Her Education
 Polite, for ev'ry foreign Nation
 Supply'd her Fire with Teachers, fit
 To improve her Beauty, or her Wit.
 Some taught to touch the warbling String,
 And some to dance, and some to sing.

Meanwhile *Plumbino*, deep-design'd,
 Had higher Matters in his Mind;
 Nor hop'd, to crown his num'rous Bounties,
 Less than the Title of a Countess:
 Nay, for a Comfort to his Dear,
 Would have o'erlook'd a new-made Peer.

How vain are all our Hopes and Cares?
 When the main Spring of our Affairs,
 For its just Moves, depends on still
 That Weather-cock, a Woman's Will!

What Guard has Beauty from Disasters?
 A Youth there was among the Masters,
 Who set poor *Fanny's* Heart on fire,
 And fill'd it with some strange Desire;
 Sprightly his Mein, his Face was fair,
 And in smooth Ringlets flow'd his Hair;
 Just in the Bloom of five-and-twenty,
 Thro' all the Fopling's Tricks he went ye:
 His Wit but green, his Nonsense mellow,
 A perfect Lady's pretty Fellow;
 Featly he danc'd, and when he sung,
 The *Syrens* warbled from his Tongue:

Softly

Softly he breath'd the gentle Flute,
And hated strongly to be mute :
His Talk would make a Wise-man sick,
'Twas as unmeaning as his Musick :
But *Fanny's* Breast with Love alarming,
Made nothing ever seem so charming.
He fill'd her Thoughts ; when he was nigh,
Pleasure sat sparkling in her Eye :
She sigh'd, when absent, at his Name ;
And her Heart flutter'd when he came.
Dull to the rest ; whate'er he taught her,
He quickly to Perfection brought her ;
Of her, his Art alone could boast,
For that indeed he studied most.
Thus went he on without designing,
Poor Miss's Quiet undermining ;
Unmov'd, unconscious of his kind,
As she'd been homely, or he blind.

That Beauty which could not prevail,
Now ceas'd to be ; her Cheeks grew pale :
Vapours, and Qualms, and Fits o'ertook her,
And Sleep, and Health, and Ease forsook her :
She sigh'd, she pin'd, she wish'd, she panted,
And Dreams inform'd her what she wanted.

The Sire who saw how Matters went,
Saw it with wond'rous Discontent :
Now Cares o'erpay his former Pleasures,
For Miss has broken all his Measures.
He knew for what she did endure,
A Husband was the only Cure :

And that he must his House disparage,
Or else precipitate her Marriage.

Well, 'tis resolv'd ; the Man is chosen,
And Council ask'd of ev'ry Cousin,

For sake of Form : All urge her Youth.----

" Psha ! I'll engage she'll find a Tooth

" To mump on Man :---Besides he's rich ;---

" 'Tis better Girls should smart than itch."

At last he breaks his Mind to *Fanny*,
And tells her, that, for Reasons many,
She now must wed.---With dread Affright
She heard the News, and swoon'd outright,
She sunk, (and 'twas a kind Relief :)

Play'd all the Parts of Woman's Grief :

The fainting Fits, the shudd'ring Fears,

The wringing Hands, the falling Tears,

And twenty other Tricks in Fashion,

Till Dad was melted to Compassion :

And when she found his doating Blindness,

Begins too sooth him into Kindness,

Puts on a supplicating Face,

And wipes her Eyes, and tells her Case :

Recites the Causes of her Care,

His sprightly Wit, his genteel Air,

His graceful Shape, his easy Gait,

His Size, that was both tall and straight.----

" These, Sir, are Virtues ; or I've mis-thought :---

" ---He wants Estate ;---but is that his Fault ?" --

Each Sentence clos'd with Papa dear ;

And now a Sob, and then a Tear :

She

She rose to Rage ;---‘ Let vain Opinion
 ‘ And Pride deprive you of your Minion :
 ‘ For if Things be not as I say,
 ‘ I’ll hang myself or run away.’

His Fondness could not bring out No,
 At length bursts out in, “ Be it so.---
 “ He loves you not, nor knows your Love ?”
 “ ---No, Sir.’---“ Than be at Ease, my Dove ;
 “ A Fortune twice ten thousand Pounds,
 “ Deeper than *Cupid’s Arrow* wounds !
 “ If that has Power to pierce his Breast,
 “ I bid thy Bosom be at rest ;
 “ For what are Jewels, Gold and Pearl ?
 “ What are they, if I lose my Girl ?”

So said, he sought the happy Youth ;
 And found, acquaints him of the Truth :
 Propos’d the Thing without Apology.
 The Youth reply’d, ‘ I must acknowledge ye---’
 ---And paus’d, and hum’d, and seem’d afraid :---
 “ I tell thee, Man, thy Fortune’s made.---”
 ‘ ---Then thus---The Honour you design’d,
 ‘ I own extravagantly kind ;
 ‘ And ne’er till now thought Fortune hard ;
 ‘ I am,---I am,---an *Abelard* : *’
 ‘ No Man so sure as he who tries ;
 ‘ Be satisfy’d, believe your Eyes :
 ‘ This from your Child I can’t conceal :
 ‘ If yet her Passion should prevail,

* An Eunuch.

- ‘ My Life, my Service, and my Duty,
- ‘ Shall be devoted to her Beauty.’

Pleas’d with his open Way of dealing,
 In Faults which he might chuse revealing,
Plumbino goes, almost content,
 Provided Miss would give Consent,
 His destin’d Hopes should not be cross’d,
 Nor so much Honesty be lost.

Even to his Door this Thought pursues,
 Till Miss comes big to hear the News.

The ‘Squire’s Condition he defines,
 First with broad Hints, and then by Signs;
 Which when she would not comprehend,
 He told the Tale from End to End.---

- “ Yet here’s no Bar :---we only stay
- “ Till you shall please to name the Day :
- “ But take some Time; consult your Pillow ---”
- ‘ What! to that odious, filthy Fellow?
- ‘ I swear, Papa, ’tis most provoking,
- ‘ You would not find that I was joking.
- ‘ Him I despis’d by all that’s rightful :
- ‘ I always said he look’d so frightful :
- ‘ I’ve learn’d enough from him before,
- ‘ So, pray, Sir, let him come no more ;---
- ‘ For grant I lik’d him,---I’m releas’d :
- ‘ I lov’d a *Man*, but he’s a---*Beast*.’

The INVOLUNTARY SINNERS.

A T A L E.

WITH Grief, my Friend, as well as you,
 Degenerate Mankind I view,
 Fall'n from their ancient virtuous Lives,
 When due Regard was paid to Wives :
 Each Husband like a Bridegroom burn'd,
 Ev'n tho' his Flame was not return'd ;
 And paid his nuptial Dues each Night,
 Tho' the cold Fair refus'd her Mite.

Folks sometimes sin, thro' too much Zeal,
 As soon the Sequel will reveal ;
 But, whatsoe'er Men do amiss,
 'Tis seldom they offend in this :
 And we must own, in this our Day,
 The Danger's greater t'other Way.

How diff'rent were the Days of old,
 When Swains were warm, and Nymphs were cold?
 Or cold they were, or seem'd to be,

For leaving *Cupid* in the Lurch :
 All Transports of a Devotee

Proceed from Rev'rence to the Church.
 Whence, you'll reply, this long Narration?---
 ---I'm aiming at a Reformation :

“ Examples move, where Precepts fail ;
 Then listen, and apply the Tale.

Young *Colin* liv'd a virtuous Life,
 He kiss'd no Creature but his Wife ;

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No Dove more constant to his Mate,
 No Sparrow lov'd at such a Rate ;
 And nightly, as the Night still came,
 He fail'd not to caress the Dame :
 While she, reserv'd, and cross, and coy,
 Shun'd (or appear'd to shun) the Joy.

One Night he chanc'd so late to stay,
 'Till *Phœbus* brought returning Day ;
 Then home he went, or home was led,
 And found his Spouse retir'd to Bed :
 On her soft Lips he fix'd a Kiss,
 Then hasten'd to the Seat of Bliss.
 No Limb she mov'd, no Word would say,
 But lifeless and regardless lay.

Colin, amaz'd to find her dumb,
 (What's Grief to him, were Joy to some)
 Cry'd, " Prithee, *Mopsa*, prithee speak,
 " Indeed I'll not stay out this Week :
 " This fullen Silence grieves me more,
 " Than all your chiding heretofore :
 " ---What ! not a Word !---I think she's dead !"
 Too true, alas ! the Words he said :
 The Curtains drawn, the Sun reveal'd
 What Darknefs had till then conceal'd.

Struck with Amazement and Surprise,
 Strait to his Confessor he hies ;
 Tells him the Horrors of the Night,
 And begs he'd set his Conscience right ;
 Declares the Party was his Wife,
 Nor knew she was depriv'd of Life ;

Yet

Yet still he felt an inward Dread,
For violating thus the Dead.

The Priest allow'd the Thing was new,
And well he wist not what to do ;
So to the Conclave sent the Case,
As Men endu'd with greater Grace.

They too declin'd a Case so nice,
And crav'd his Holiness' Advice.

The Pope consider'd well th' Affair,
Then, plac'd in Apostolic Chair,
With awful Brow, he thus decreed ;

“ *Colin* from this Offence is freed.---

“ But lest vile Men in After-times,

“ Commit again such bestial Crimes,

“ Or be unwittingly drawn in,

“ By froward Women thus to sin,

“ It is the Church's Will, and mine,

“ ('Till Women shall their Breath resign)

“ Whene'er Mankind the *Fair* embrace,

“ Without dissembling in the Case,

“ *That*, be she Widow, Maid, or Wife,

“ *She shew strong, vig'rous Signs of Life.*”

The Priests, who take peculiar Care

T' instruct and cultivate the *Fair*,

With Zeal proclaim the *Pope's* Decree

To each attentive Devotee,

The *Fair* with Ease and Joy obeys

Whate'er her ghostly Father says.

Thus, *Colin*, from his Sin reliev'd,
A decent Time for *Mopsa* griev'd :

Till

84. *The INVOLUNTARY SINNERS.*

Till weary of a single Life,
 He needs must take a second Wife;
 One not so peevish, cross, and coy,
 Who would participate his Joy.
 So said, so done;---a Wife he chose
 Juicy and young, yet one of those
 Who, fam'd for a superior Zeal,
 To say her Pray'rs, would lose a Meal.

Some happy Months they pass'd together:
 But Wedlock will have cloudy Weather.
 It chanc'd, upon a Market-day,
 As homeward they pursu'd their Way,
 On the same Horse this Couple plac'd,
 Her fondling Arm about his Waist,
 Three Villains met this loving Pair;
 They robb'd the Man,---survey'd the Fair;---
 Then each by Turns---eternal Shame!
 Did-----what the Muse forbears to name:
 So pack'd her up behind her Spouse,
 And wish'd 'em well to their own House.

Along they trudge in piteous Taking;
 Judge how poor *Colin's* Heart was aking!
 Silent he rode: now inward groan'd,
 Then knit his Brows, then sigh'd, then frown'd;
 'Till after many Miles, the Fair
 Address'd him thus, to ease his Care;
 "Prithee, dear *Colin*, why this Grief?
 "What's lost, is lost; why, hang the Thief:
 "Some Money's gone;---still we have more:
 "To Minds content, enough is Store."

'Poh!

- ‘ Poh!---(*Colin* cry’d) that’s not the Matter;
 ‘ Forbear your idle foolish Chatter.’
 “ Why scold at *me*? (reply’d the Dame)
 “ In what, I pray, am *I* to blame?----”
 ---‘ Art thou so vile, so void of Grace,
 ‘ To ask that Question to my Face?
 ‘ These Eyes beheld it!---these two Eyes!---
 ---“ They did (she cry’d) a mighty Prize:
 “ Against my Will the Thing was done!
 “ You know I shudder at a Gun:
 “ Nay, *You* stood very patient by;
 “ *You* durst not *stir*, no more than I.---”
 ‘ Not *stir*! (cry’d he) ay, that’s my Grief:
 ‘ Not *stir*!---go ask each single Thief,
 ‘ If any Jade throughout the Land,
 ‘ Her *Motions* had at more command?---
 ---“ And is that *All* you have to say?
 “ Pray hold your Tongue,---and mind your Way,
 “ You know the Law, as well as I;
 “ Nay, were the Cause on’t by the bye:
 “ I am an honest, virtuous Woman,
 “ And won’t be damn’d for you, nor no-man;
 “ But will obey the *Pope’s* Decree!
 “ So, thank your Stars, there were but *Three*.

The MORAL.

Learn hence, ye Husbands young and old,
 Not to complain your Wives are cold:
 For most would own it, if they durst,
 They wish ’em cold, as *Colin’s* first.

Next,

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*Next, chuse not Wives for too much Zeal,
Which does the Warmth within conceal :
And she who most adores the Gown,
Oft proves the Wagtail of the Town.*

The CONVERT to TOBACCO.

A T A L E.

HAIL *Raleigh* ! Venerable Shade,
Accept this Tribute, humbly paid ;
Great Patron of the Sailing Crew,
Who gav'st us Weed to smoke and chew,
Kindly accept these Honours due.
To Thee we owe our Country's Wealth,
And smirking Glee, and lusty Health :
From Ashes white as driven Snow,
Tobacco Clouds, 'tis what we owe,
In fragrant Wreaths ascend the Sky,
To Thee, the Smoaker's Deity.

Immortal Weed ! all-healing Plant !
Possessing thee we nothing want.
Assistant chief to Country Vicar,
Next to his Concordance and Liquor :
If Text obscure perplex his Brain,
He scratches, thinks, but all in vain,
Till lighted Pipe's prevailing Ray,
Like *Phæbus*, drives the Fog away.

Con-

Concomitant of *Cambro-Briton*,
(If I a Rhime, for that cou'd hit on)
Content with thee, he'll barefoot trudge it,
His Hose and Shoes fast bound in Budget ;
Bleak blow the Winds, thick fall the Snows ;
With thee he warms his dripping Nose,
And scrubs, and puffs, and on he goes. }

With thee, dear Partner of his Ale,
The Justice grave prolongs his Tale ;
And fast asleep does wisely prate us,
Whilst sober Whiff fills each *Hiatus*.

With thee--- but hark'ee, says a Friend,
Tom, will thy Preface never end ?
We want the Tale you promis'd us ;
The Tale d'ye want?--- then take it thus :

Buxoma was a Banker's Widow,
Frolick and free as good Queen *Dido* ;
For now twelve Months were past and gone,
Since Spouse lay cover'd with a Stone.
At first, indeed, for Fashion-sake,
She must not rest asleep, or wake ;
The wretched'st Woman sure alive,
The best of Husbands to survive !
O had she dy'd ! (but 'twas too late)
To save her Dearee from his Fate.
Poor *ten per Cent* ! his Hour was come,
E'er he had half made up his Plumb.
You'd swear she'd learnt to mourn at School ;
She sigh'd by Note, and wept by Rule.

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The Neighbours saw't; and who but she
For Conjugal Sincerity!

But now the Farce was o'er, she saw
'Twas time the Vizard to withdraw.
The Sable Weeds are thrown aside,
No more she wrung her Hands and cry'd;
But gay at all Assemblies shone,
And --- who was blest that lay alone?
The Charms of Forty thousand Pound
Drew from each Quarter all around;
The Templer spruce, and formal Cit,
The Man of War, and Man of Wit.
The last indeed despair'd to win her,
Yet still pursu'd her for a Dinner.
For Madam's Gate, or she's bely'd,
Stood ever hospitably wide.

Good Beef and Mutton grac'd her Table,
And who eat most she judg'd most able.
The Cloth remov'd, the Board was spread
With Choice of Wine, both White and Red,
Pipes and Tobacco next appear,
And Tapers bright bring up the Rear.
Now, by-the-by, Sir, you must know,
Our Widow, whilom, made a Vow,
Tho' Age and Uglinefs o'ertook her,
Never to wed with filthy Smoaker;
And therefore slyly laid a Plot
To try who smoakt, and who did not.

Unhappy State of human Kind!
To future Evils ever blind!

The

The gilded Pill we rashly swallow,
Nor heed what Bitterness may follow.
This to make out, and eke my Tale,
Our Lovers smoak'd, both one and all.
Unthinking of th' impending Doom,
And spicy Whiffs perfum'd the Room;
When strait the Widow, *sans* excuse,
Their Offers bluntly did refuse.

Thus had she packt off Lovers plenty,
Some say a Dozen, others Twenty;
And now began to fear, I trow,
Lest she were hamper'd in her Vow:

When lo! a Swain of *Irish* Race,
With Back of Steel, and Front of Brass,
Resolv'd *Buxoma* to assail,
And wisely, that he might not fail,
Struck in with Mistress *Abigail*.

Now *Abigails*, the Learned say,
To Ladies Hearts can pave the Way;
The Jade, unable to resist

Five Pieces clapt in Lilly Fift,
Betray'd (a Mercenary Whore!)

The Vow I told you of before,
And *Mac* succeeds in his Amour.

He wou'd not smoke, to save his Life,
Prais'd the good Taste of *Paulo's* Wife:

" Tobacco, Fogh! he cou'd not bear it,
" Filthy Concomitant of Claret.

Our Widow chuekled here to find
At last a Lover to her Mind;

And

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And strait an honest Parson got
 To tie the Matrimonial Knot.
 Here, to be short, the Wedding-day
 Was eat, and drank, and danc'd away ;
 The wishing Guests the Stocking threw,
 Jested a while, and then withdrew.
 When loud the Groom began to roar,
 And bang his Slipper 'gainst the Floor ;
 —“ Here bring a Pipe”—A Pipe ! she cry'd—
 “ Nay, do not fret, good angry Bride,
 “ For I must smoak, or else—my Dear,
 (Then whisper'd something in her Ear)
 “ 'Tis true by Heaven ! My former Spouse
 “ Lov'd to see Pipes come into th' House.
 With wistful Eye, poor Madam view'd
 Her dear Deceiver, thought him rude ;
 Yet silent lay, in sad Suspence,
 Waiting the happy Consequence.
 Which, Authors say, she did not miss :
 The Pipe was out, an eager Kiss
 Preluded to th' ensuing Bliss. }
 He smoak'd a Second and a Third,
 Nay, and a Fourth too, 'tis averr'd ;
 And still the well experienc'd Dame
 Found the yet wish'd Effect the same.
 Some have affirm'd, he was so stout
 To take a Fifth e'er he gave out.
 What, yet again ? the Devil's in thee !
 Nat, Fetch the Pound of *Sly's* Virginia,
 All the new Pipes, and a fresh Light ;
 Your Master says he'll smoak all Night.

A MODERN ECLOGUE.

NOW gaping Lacqueys wait their Masters
Knock,

And with Impatience hear the chearful Cock ;
Sleep now, still reigning Monarch, lulls the
Scene,

From *Hyde-Park Corner* down to *Mile-End*
Green ;

Some Lovers only count the tedious Time,
And sing sad Ditties in much sadder Rhyme :

Now ragged Poets tire their worry'd Theme,

Theatrick Heroes now of Empire dream,

And mimick *Damon* sighs beside some purling
Stream :

One furls, or dreams she furls, a new-bought
Fan,

And Fancy to fifteen presents a Man :

Coy Maids at fifty curse the fatal Willow,

Whilst Crowds of Beaus are rival'd by their Pil-
low :

Eas'd of his Money, Home each Gamester steers,

And every Tavern-wicket clos'd appears :

Each *Black-shoe's* stretch'd upon his well-known
Block,

And shiv'ring Watchmen cry, *past three o' Clock* :

Cards laid aside, and Company all gone,

Chloe and *Betty* now were left alone ;

When

When thus the Nymph, in easy Chair reclin'd,
 Whilst *Betty* waited her Command behind,
 With many an aukward pretty Yawn exprest
 These airy Notions lab'ring in her Breast :
 " Of all those Arts in which our Sex excel,
 " The chief the prettiest is coquetting well ;
 " That Art by which Mankind our Fools are
 " made,
 " Which baffles all their Reason's boasted Aid.
 " Happy the Nymph, who knows her Charms
 " to prize,
 " Who with unmeaning Softness rolls her
 " Eyes,
 " Whilst at each Turn some foolish Gazer dies. }
 " How vain, and how fantastical is Man,
 " Dependent on the Cracking of a Fan !
 " I love to see the Creature rave and stare,
 " To me 'tis perfect Comedy, I swear.
 " Be-rhym'd all o'er by many a love-sick Swain,
 " Whilst Crowds unnumber'd gladly fill my
 " Train,
 " Insensible to all alike I give
 " My Charms, whilst they by my Permission
 " live :
 " Each takes his Turn ; now *Sylvio*, *Daphnis*
 " woos,
 " One sighs in Metre, one in *Billetdeux* ;
 " I take them all, the Prose perhaps I tear,
 " But keep the Poetry — to curl my Hair —

" Here,

“ Here, *Betty*, take my Cap—ha—how you
“ move !

“ I hope you don’t pretend to be in Love—

No, really, *Maem*, I know much better
Things,

’Tis only fit for Girls in Leading-strings :

I hope, *Maem*, I have never given you Cause

To think I was (here *Betty* made a Pause—

For *Bellmour’s* Footman *Thomas*, you must know,
Had struck the Wench’s Fancy long ago ;

Could hum a Tune or two, talk smart and witty,
And swore her Mistress was not half so pretty.)

True (she proceeds) *Tom*, when he brings you
Letters,

Will tell me, I’m as handsome as my Betters ;

Yet does it follow I must love the Fop ?

Here *Chloe* gap’d, and *Betty* made a Stop.

Chloe had hitherto with Patience heard
Her chattering Maid, nor answer’d her a Word ;
At Looking-glass engag’d, she smiles, she stares,
And ’gainst To-morrow practises new Airs.

Betty, enrag’d at Breath so thrown away,
Restraint no longer on her Tongue cou’d lay ;
But thus proceeds : I cannot, for my Soul,
See the great Harm in Love upon the whole ;
Nay, I know some Folks, for all their Railing,
Who sometimes may be caught, like others,
failing ;

Last Night, when *Bellmour* look'd on Lady
Grace,

How flush'd the Colour in some People's Face !

" This Table—how it stands—well 'tis no

" Wonder,

" *Thomas*, that Fool, must always have his

" Blunder ;

" Here, *Betty*, take this Candlestick away,

" I'm crowded so I scarce have Room to play :

" This Chair too—la—how awkwardly it stands--

" Did ever Mortal hold such wretched Hands ?"

These Words in pretty Mimickry express,

Awak'd the Woman in her Mistress' Breast ;

When up she starts—" Cease, hold your saucy

" Prate,

" To name the Creature whom you know I
 hate ;

" *Bellmour*, that silly, vain, that ugly Creature,

" To hear him mention'd shocks my very Na-

" ture—

" Was ever Mortal curs'd with such a Maid—

" You saucy Hussy you"—no more she said, }
 But in a Passion flounces into Bed.

Affrighted *Betty* dar'd to speak no more,

But tuck'd her up, stole off, and shut the Door.

The MISTAKE.

A TALE.

ALL you, who *Hymen's* Yoke would prove,
Come listen to my Ditty :
The Tale I sing may chance to move
Your Laughter, or your Pity.

To be a Wife full thirty Years,
Nan various Arts had try'd ;
And often said, with Sighs and Tears,
She ne'er shou'd be a Bride.

To an old Crone at length she went,
One fam'd for Fat and Sin ;
Relates her Cause of Discontent,
And begs Advice therein.

Oh thou ! whose equitable Skill,
Can dead Men's Thoughts supply ;
Help me, now living, to my Will,
And make it when I die.

Assist, *Priscilla*, *Nanny* cry'd,
And ease an old Maid's Mind,
For Law-suits, Wounds, and Stars, thou Pride
Of all the Female-Kind.

Oh

Oh help me to some youthful Mate,
 And I thy Fame will tell :
 Assist me to avoid the Fate
 Of leading Apes in Hell.

Then may you see more happy Days,
 In being *Budgell's* Wife :
 When dead, his *Bee* * shall buz thy Praise,
 And *Curll* † shall print thy *Life*.

Pleas'd with these Words, th' experienc'd Dame
 To weeping *Nanny* said :
 Once Beauty's Charms cou'd raise a Flame,
 And help the willing Maid.

Our modern Sparks, more cunning grown,
 Court not like them of old :
 For now each Youth will doubly burn
 For Beauty and for Gold.

Your Wash and Paint are idle Stuff—
 Give out that you are rich :
 Of Wooers then you'll have enough ;
 Or ne'er say I'm a Witch.

* A Weekly Pamphlet, published by Mr. *Budgell* under that Title.

† A Bookseller of pious Memory. Vide *Pope's Dunciad*.

Nan's soon beset, as said the Hag,
With twenty am'rous Ninnies,
By shewing oft a Canvas Bag
Of counterfeited Guineas.

Among the rest a Youth there comes
From boggy *Enyskellin* ;
By persecuting Duns and Bums
Drove here to seek a Living.

A greater Stranger more than he
To Honesty and Pence ;
Nor *Henley* more a Foe cou'd be
To Modesty and Sense.

And though his brawny Back, oh *Nan* !
With future Hopes did win ye ;
Will prov'd, alas ! no more a Man,
Than Signior *Nicholini*.

With eager Haste the Match they made,
Each other glad to take in.
Will's still in Debt, *Nan*'s still a Maid ;
And both have prov'd mistaken.

And though, dear *Nan* ! poor *Will* offends,
Transgressing nightly Rules ;
He makes the Town a large Amends,
By not increas'ing Fools.

CHESHIRE NELL; *or, the* STAGE-
WAGGON.

A T A L E.

MAN was not made to live at home,
He loves to get abroad and roam;
The Charms of Novelty pursue,
And see the World he comes into.
Hence first the Boat, with slender Oar,
Was taught to ply the winding Shore:
Next, bolder spread the swelling Sail,
And stiffen'd to the wafting Gale.
At Land this roving Genius found
As many Helps to shift its Ground:
Hence Steeds were saddled, Cars invented,
Coaches with Cloth and Leather tented,
And Waggons built, whose cumb'rous Train,
With Giant Bulk, indents the Plain—
But what's this Knowledge to a Story?
Read on, my Friend, it lies before you.

A *Cheshire* Damsel, young and gay,
And blooming as the Pride of *May*,
Admir'd and woo'd by many a Swain,
Whose Vows she heard with cold Disdain:
For Pride had whisper'd to her Mind,
Her Charms were not for such design'd;
Of Maids she'd read, and read agen,
Who marry'd Lords—— or Gentlemen;

Or

Or rais'd by Merchants of Renown,
Had rode in Coaches of their own.
If other Virgins thus could rise,
Why might not she expect a Prize ?
Ambition is a dang'rous Guest,
And soon usurps the Female Breast :
Poor *Nell's* aspiring Fancy glows,
With *London's* visionary Shows ;
She loaths her former rural Joys,
She longs for Hurry, Crowds, and Noise ;
By Day she forms romantic Schemes,
By Night she shines in golden Dreams ;
Her Cheeks turn pale—her Visage strange,
Her Mother wonders at the Change.
At length, by oft repeated Pray'r,
She wins her to disclose her Care :
And as she finds her Purpose bent,
She gains her Gaffer's kind Consent,
That *Nell* should up to *London* go,
And try what Luck she might come to.
Equip'd, and joyful at the Heart,
The Maiden now prepares to part.
A Purse, with splendid Shillings stor'd,
Her Mother steals her from her Hoard ;
A broad *Jacobus*, fair and bright,
Is offer'd—as her Father's Mite :
Tears stopp'd, and kind Embraces given,
They leave her to the Charge of Heaven ;
The Place was took—the Waggon ready,
And *Nell*, in Prospect, quite a Lady.

Now safely had she travell'd on,
Within a Stage of *London Town*,
When a deep Slough, - by Chance unseen,
O'erturn'd the cumbersome Machine :
Fast stick the Wheels, the Axles break,
Loud bawl the Men—the Females squeak :
The Horses in the Quicksand flounce,
Trunks, Boxes, from the Stowage bounce.
Confusion reigns—while in the Fall,
Extensive Ruin threatens all :
One bruis'd to Death, and others hurt,
Who lie half smother'd in the Dirt ;
While loud the noisy Drivers swear—
For Damage, they are bound to bear.

Amidst the Pool of Mire and Clay,
Poor *Nell* distress'd and breathless lay ;
Her lovely Limbs with Mud o'erspread,
Limbs ! worthy of a sweeter Bed !
Her Dreams of future Wealth and State,
All scatter'd by this Blast of Fate,
Till a kind Youth—who, bound for Town,
Was in the same Disaster thrown,
Took Pity on the Maiden's Case,
And help'd her from the dang'rous Place.

Her Beauties thus with Filth besmear'd,
How sad the alter'd Maid appear'd !
Disabled now to travel on,
She trudges to the neighb'ring Town ; *

* *Hockley in the Hole*, where this Scene lay.

Asham'd—avoiding to be seen,
She seeks the Shelter of an Inn;
Where, weeping, she relates her Chance,
With each important Circumstance;
Describes the Place they tumbled down,
And how the Wheel had torn her Gown.
Heedless, the Folks the Story hear,
Tho' grac'd with many a pearly Tear:
Alas! she thought not all her Pain
Was Joy to them—which brought them Gain.

Three Days reliev'd with Food and Rest,
New Spirits warm'd her youthful Breast;
Ambition, by her late Disgrace
Expell'd, resum'd its former Place;
And now, so near her Journey's End,
Fortune, she hopes, will learn to mend.

But ah! new Clouds the Sky o'erspread,
New Mischiefs hover round her Head;
Prepar'd to part with early Day,
A dreadful Reck'ning stands to pay!
A Reck'ning by Misfortune run:
Her Purse she seeks—her Purse is gone!
Lost, when ill Fate her Project cross'd,
And never miss'd till wanted most.
' My Purse is lost!'—all pale she cries,
"Your Purse—the surly Host replies,
"I never saw it in my Door,
"You mean to cheat me of my Score.
"Three Days you entertain'd have been,
"Nor have I yet a Shilling seen.

In vain fair *Nelly* wept and pray'd,
 The Host was deaf to all she said :
 He stamps, he calls—two Furies come,
 And strip the Damsel in the Room.
 “ Now Lady Errant—trudge away,”
 (The Landlord cries)— “ yet if you'll stay,
 “ I'll, since you're likely, give you Wages ;
 “ We want a Wench to serve the Stages :
 “ You need not slight the Place I proffer,
 “ There's *London* Girls would take the Offer.”

Friendless—dejected—in Disgrace,
 What cou'd *Nell* do—but take the Place ?
 Here, a poor Drudge for present Bread,
 The disappointed Damsel staid :
 A daily Slave of toilsome Care,
 Imperious Usage forc'd to bear ;
 Obscene Discourse, the Whisper lewd,
 Tyrannic Oaths, and all that's rude :
 Till by Degrees—(to end my Tale)
 As Patterns teach, and Precepts fail,
 Her Pride grew less—she lost her Shame ;
 For Gain she sold her Virgin Fame,
 And where she Refuge sought from Grief,
 Perish'd beyond the World's Relief.

Shipwreck'd on *Africk's* desert Coast,
 So fares it with the Stranger lost ;
 Emerging from the sandy Wave,
 Rejoic'd he spies a cooling Cave ;
 In Hopes of Shelter mends his Way,
 But falls a bloody Tyger's Prey.

The SPLENATICK DOCTOR.

A T A L E.

MAGGOT pretends to some discerning
 In Physick, 'mongst his other Learning ;
 His Health employs his daily Care ;
 He purges now, now takes the Air.
 With all his various Arts and Skill,
 Th' unhappy Man succeeds but ill.
 His Constitution most perverse,
 Each Day by Regimen grows worse.
 The Jordan now is set aside,
 And ev'ry Day his Water try'd :
 By this, Physicians seldom fail
 To guess at what their Patients ail ;
 And by this Water hangs a Tale.

A Nymph, who of his Room took Care,
 Nor over-young, nor over-fair,
 As she assiduous round the Room,
 Ply'd her Dust-dissipating Broom,
 Perceiv'd her Water fain would flow
 From its accustom'd Vent below,
 And hast'ning straightway to the Place,
 Where stood the Urinary Vase,
 Taking the Utenfil, she pours
 Forth from within most copious Show'rs :
 The Waters kindly join as Ale
 Mix'd by my Landlord, mild and stale.

The sacred Streams of *Alpheus* so
 With *Arethusa's* Waters flow.
Maggot returns, the Day being fair,
 After his Compliment of Air;
 He takes the Pot, the Smell was strange,
 And wonderful! the Colours change.
 To find what Secret lurks within,
 He tastes, and looks, then tastes again;
 Zoons! (he cries out) I'm grown a *Woman*,
 This Water could be made by no *Man*.
 Hah! How can this be reconcil'd!
 By G—d, I'm certainly with *Child*.
 He fancy'd now his Belly rose,
 And now he feels a Mother's Throws.
 Of Pangs unknown now sore afraid,
 He begs *Lucina's* * future Aid.
 What Man alive can bear the Curse
 Of tatling Gossips, Midwife, Nurse!
 To feed on Slops was not so cruel;
 He long had liv'd on Water-gruel.
 But, lest Digression in my Song
 Should tire your Patience——E're 'twas long,
 The Damsel had the same Occasion,
 Which would admit no Prorogation.
 She eas'd her as she did before;
 When *Mag.* by Chance approach'd the Door,
 And heard a Murmur, as of Rills
 Falling, 'mongst Pebbles down the Hills.

* The Goddess of Midwives.

He wonders what the Noise should be,
And turns with furious Haste the Key.
The Damsel can't the Fact deny,
Her down-cast Looks alone reply.
While he enrag'd, fail'd not to rate her :
A faucy Jade ! to dare to scatter
Into her Master's Pot her Water.
She ne'er must have the Honour more
To make his Bed, or sweep his Floor.
Howe're poor *Maggot's* greatly pleas'd,
Thus of his fancy'd Burden eas'd ;
Nor longer now afraid to stand
The Search of Midwife's groping Hand.

}

The WIDOW'S WIFE.

A T A L E.

HAVE you not seen (to state the Case)
Two Wasps lie struggling in a Glass ?
By the rich Flavour of *Tokay*
Allur'd, about the Brim they play ;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick ; and so at length slip in :
Embracing close the Couple lies,
Together dip, together rise ;
You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd Amours, and real Hate,
Attend the matrimonial State;
When sacred Vows are bought and sold,
And Hearts are ty'd with Threads of Gold.

A Nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd
By Fame) was born without a Beard:
A certain Sign, the Learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon Care)
Her Virtue might remain at Ten
Impregnable, to Boys or Men.
But from that *Æra* we'll proceed,
To find her in a Widow's Weed:
Which all Love's Chronicles agree,
She wore just turn'd of Twenty-three;
For an old Sot she call'd her Mate,
For Jewels, Pin-Money, and Plate.
The Dame, possess'd of Wealth and Ease,
Had no more Appetites to please:
That which provokes wild Girls to wed,
Fie! ——— It ne'er enter'd in her Head.

Yet some prolific Planet smil'd,
And gave the Pair a chopping Child;
Intitl'd by the Law to claim
Her Husband's Chattels, and his Name:
But was so like his Mother! She
The Queen of Love, her *Cupid* he.

This Matron fair, for Spouse deceas'd,
Had sorrow'd fore, a Week at least;
And seem'd to grudge the Worms that Prey,
Which had lain dead full many a Day.

From

From Plays and Balls she now refrain'd,
To a dark Room by Custom chain'd ;
And not a Male for Love or Gold,
But the dear Hopes of two Years old.

The Maids so long in Prison pent,
Ask Leave to air ; she gives Consent :
(For Health is Riches to the Poor)
But *Tom* must stay to guard the Door.
In reading *Sherlock* she'd employ
Her Solitude, and tend the Boy.

When Madam sees the Coast is clear,
Her Spirits mantle and career ;
Diffusing Ardour through her Mien ;
Pity they should condense to Spleen !
But now by Honour she's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as Wind :
And on a Masquerading Morn,
By Six securely could return ;
Having, to seal him safe till Nine,
With Opium drugg'd her Spouse's Wine.
This the gay World no worse wou'd hold,
Than had she only chang'd his Gold ;
The Species answer'd all Demands,
And only pass'd through other Hands.
But Honour now prescribes the Law,
The Tyrant keeps her Will in Awe :
For Charity forbid to roam,
And not a Chitterling at Home.
What ! a large Stomach, and no Meat !
In Pity, *Love*, provide a Treat.

Can

Can Widows feed on Dreams and Wishes,
 Like Hags on visionary Dishes ?
 Impossible ! Through Walls of Stone
 Hunger will break, to suck a Bone.
 Want oft', in Times of old, we read,
 Made Mothers on their Infants feed ;
 And now constrain'd this Matron mild,
 To grow hard-hearted to her Child.
 Her darling Child she pinch'd ; he squawl'd ;
 In haste the fav'rite Footman's call'd,
 To pacify the peevish Chit ;
 For who but he could do the Feat ?
 He smarting sore, refus'd to play ;
 But bade Man *Thomas* beat Mamma.
 She laughing, soon avow'd her Flame
 By various Signs that want a Name.
 The Lacquey saw with trembling Joy,
 Gay Humour dancing in her Eye ;
 And strait, with equal Fury fir'd,
 Began th' Attack ; the Dame retir'd :
 And haply falling as she fled,
 He beat her till she lay for dead :
 But, (with new Vigour for the Strife)
 Soon with a Sigh return'd to Life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her Son,
 For what the naughty Man had done ?
 She did ; yet spited with his Pain,
 He sounds th' Alarm to charge again.
 But, 'Squire, consult your potent Ally,
 Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally——

Yes ;

Yes; Blood is hot on either Side;
Another Combat must be try'd.
She knew the Foe cou'd do no more,
Than at the first Attack she bore;
So at his little Malice smil'd,
And cry'd, Come on!——To please the Child.

The Taming of the SHREW.

A T A L E.

PRithee, *Ralph*, bespoke a Neighbour,
Let me beg a single Favour;
Ay, quo' *Ralph*, e'en two or three,
And right welcome heartily.
Why then, quo' *Simon* (such he was,
An easy even-temper'd Ass;)
You know full well my State of Life,
Yok'd to that galling Load —— a *Wife*.
A Pest confound the plaguy Name!
Her Tongue wou'd make a Tyger tame:
By all that's good, my trusty Friend,
I really think it has no End;
For ever jarring, always teasing,
Not still a Moment, never ceasing;
Perpetual Noising in my Ears,
Day after Day, Weeks, Months, and Years.

I've

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I've try'd to please her all I can,
Done all that's in the Pow'r of Man;
And after all (the greater Curse)
I really think she's rather worse.
In short, she may the Maxim boast,
She's of those Wives *that rule the Roast*.

I've often thought, in this my Station,
T' expose her Tongue to Law and Nation;
To undergo the ancient Rule
Of *Skimmington* or *Ducking-stool*;
And I do still the Thought pursue,
If you shou'd think 'twill *tame a Shrew*.

Why I shou'd think, quo' *Ralph*, indeed,
Since both by learned Men agreed,
To be the Cure of Noise and Strife;
No doubt but both will cure thy Wife.
Try which you will of one and t'other;
And if one won't do,— try the other.

But soft, quo' *Sim*, give each their Merit,
I've this to add, by way of Credit;
Altho' her Clapper never cease,
Her Fist and Grinders hold their Peace.

Why that, quo' *Ralph*, is to her Credit,
And to thine too, that thou hast said it:
For, speaking Truth in both your Praise,
It seldom happens now-a-days;
And I've heard say, in Days of Yore,
That one, the greatest * *losopher*,

* *Socrates*.

The Taming of the SHREW. III

A Man of Parts, and very learned,
Who by his Brain all Truths discerned;
Not only wed a † Termagant,
But, both in one,— a Combatant:
And what was more than either those,
(Not satisfy'd at Home with Blows)
Abroad she'd pull him by the Nose.
By this, thy Wife is not the first,
And, thank thy Stars, she's not the worst.
Therefore the Stool's the fittest Place,
The surest Sign of her Disgrace:
But then consider, silly Elf,
B' exposing her, y' expose yourself.

Why ay, quo' *Sim*, there lies the Objection;
Must her Disgrace cause my Reflection?
Must I endure an equal Shame,
When only she, my Wife's to blame?
Rather she blam'd by *me* alone,
Than I be blam'd by ev'ry one.

If so, quo' *Ralph*, when e'er again,
Thy Wife begins her noisy Strain;
Then lay before her, this her Case,
Shewing the Crime, and the Disgrace;
With all the shameful Ills attending,
In hopes 'twill make some small amending.

Alas! quo' *Sim*, you preach in vain,
I've told her o'er and o'er again,

† *Xantippe.*

If

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If she'd not cease, the Neighbours wou'd
Expose her for the public Good ;
And sure as half the Hearing past her,
So sure her Tongue wou'd gallop faster.
For I've observ'd, by often Trial,
Her Tongue will suffer no Denial :
If she insist that Black is White,
My Answer's always—you say right.

Women's Delight is fix'd in Contradiction,
Just as your Poet-Men delight in Fiction :
Bid 'em say so and so, do this or that,
Be sure they'll do and say the opposite.

In Truth, quo' *Ralph*, thy Observation
Is good i' th' Law, in Church or Nation ;
Founded on Reason and good Sense,
On Truth, and long Experience :
And what concerns thy noisy Dame,
Minds me of something like the same.

When I my Bargain *Kate* took first,
Whether for better or for worse ;
Her Tongue than mine wou'd ne'er go faster,
She was call'd Mistress, and I --- Master.

A while we kept thus jogging on,
Just as we quietly begun,
'Till at the last, *Kate* found her Tongue.

One Ev'ning coming Home full late,
Up starts the Tongue with Mistress *Kate* :
Pray what d'ye mean, you ill-bred Hog,
You stinking Beast, you drunken Dog ?

Must

*Must I all Day be kept at Home,
Mop'd by myself here, all alone?
While truly you, forsooth, at Ease,
Can go and come just when you please.
D'ye think I'll lead this hellish Life?
Curse on the Stars that made me Wife!*

*Hey day! quo' I, why how now, Quean?
Pray what may all this Language mean?
Must I ask Leave to go and come,
And if not granted, stay at Home?
'Tis I shou'd lead a hellish Life,
A Man can't stir without his Wife:
What! art thou marry'd, silly Fool,
And knowest not the Marr'age Rule?
That Men and Dogs have Leave to roam,
But Wives and Cats must stay at Home.
Cease, pr'ythee cease, thy noisy Strain;
Let me ne'er hear the like again.
With that she swell'd her wide Grimace,
And burst her Venom in my Face.*

*I thought in Truth, 'twas then high Time
To nip the Bud before its Prime;
Nor had I yet the Rule forgot,
To strike the Iron while 'tis hot.
I stepp'd aside, left Madam there,
And pull'd the Halter off the Mare.
In this Right-hand secur'd her Fate,
And in this other, Mistress Kate:
Come, come, quo' I, my sturdy Jennet,
We'll try for Master, who shall win it.*

At

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At first she rode a little rusty,
 But I laid on with Lashes lusty;
 And gave her handsomely her Hire,
 Till at the last *Kate* 'gan to tire;
 I still laid on as I begun,
 By means of which I Master won,
 And by which means, *Kate* lost her Tongue. }
 And from that very Time to this,
Kate, nor her Tongue, e'er went amiss.

What think you now? quo' Neighbour *Ralph*;
 I think, quo' *Sim*, in thy Behalf:
 And had I heard the like before,
 I might, like thee, had Joys in Store.
 But still there Hope remains however,
 And Hopes are better late than never:
 I'll therefore try thy kind Receipt,
 With all its Exc'ellencies repeat;
 And if I find its Virtues save her,
 I'll ever thank thee for the Favour.

Welfare being wish'd on either Side,
 Our Neighbour *Simon* homewards hy'd,
 And e'er he ventur'd to the House,
 Procur'd the Balsam for his Spouse:
 No sooner come, and set him down,
 But Madam *Madge* let loose her Tongue;
 Exclaiming in her usual Note,
 With hideous Howl, and squalling Throat:
 And for't no other Reason knowing,
 But lik'd to hear her Clack a-going.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the Project, simp'ring *Sim*
Applauds her Musick with a Grin ;
And, just as Fuel unto Fire,
Serv'd to inflame her Spirits higher ;
'Till choak'd with Spleen, and spent with Rage,
No other way her Heat t'assuage,
But out it must, to her Disgrace,
Revil'd him *Cuckold* to his Face.

Sim, thinking then he had withstood
Sufficient Proof of Flesh and Blood,
Resolv'd to follow *Ralph's* Direction,
And purge her Crime with due Correction :
Now for't, quo' Sim, while Time doth last,
Since Time's no Time when Time is past ;
I've long endur'd thy venom'd Tongue,
With Calumny and Slander hung ;
And when foul Words have been my Share,
Have hitherto return'd thee fair :
But since in vain, a Way I'll try,
Its foul Defects to rectify.

No more he said, but out he drew
His Friend's Receipt to tame a *Shrew* ;
Prepar'd it, as it was prescrib'd,
And all its hidden Charms apply'd ;
Made Madam's Manners stand the Test,
And found the Cure — *probatum est.*

A new RECEIPT to tame a SHREW.

Shakespear's Receipt to tame a Shrew
May sometimes, but won't always do ;

If bare Assertion's not enough,
 The foll'wing Tale affords a Proof.

Richard spy'd *John*, and call'd out to him ;
 He was so chang'd, *John* scarcely knew him :
 Once he was brisk, and gay, and merry ;
 His Eyes were Sloes, his Cheeks were cherry ;
 He us'd to laugh, and dance, and sing ;
 Now he was quite another Thing.

Pale were his Cheeks, his Eyes were dim ;
 His Clothes too big by half for him ;
 He sigh'd as if his Heart was broke :
 He sigh'd, alas ! but seldom spoke.

John was amaz'd, and thought it strange
 To find in *Dick* this sudden Change :

Whence could this Alteration come ?

He spoke to *Dick*, but *Dick* was dumb.

" Poor *Ball*, Friend *Richard*, is't not so ?

" *Ball* is elop'd. Quoth *Richard*, ' No.'

" Is *Gripe*, your good old Uncle, dead ?"

Dick answer'd, ' No,' and shook his Head.

" Why then, I'll lay my Life that *Sally*,

" (You two together us'd to dally)

" Has sent you Home a Babe to nurse,

" Ha ! *Dick* ?"—*Dick* answer'd, ' Ten times worse.'

Silent

A new RECEIPT to tame a SHREW. 117

Silent some Moments here he tarry'd ;

Then, ' *Oh!*' says *Dick*, ' *Oh*, *John!* *I'm mar-*
ry'd.'

" *Marry'd?*" ' *Ay,*'—" *Say'st thou so my Boy?*

" *With all my Heart I wish thee Joy!*"

' *Joy does no more to me belong.*'

" *How so?*" ' *Oh!* *Kate has such a Tongue,*

' *She contradicts whate'er I tell her;*

' *Keeps both the Keys of Purse and Cellar;*

' *Lives as she lists, but all won't do,*

' *She snubs me loud; before Folks too;*

' *And, if I chance to stay out late,*

' *I must be catechis'd by Kate.*'

" *Some Method should be try'd,*" says *John*.

' *Method!* quoth *Dick*, *There is but one:*

' *Across our Stable hangs a Shelf—*'

" *Thou dost not mean to hang thyself?*"

' *Yes; Death alone must end my Sorrow!*

' *Adieu, dear John, I die To-morrow.*'

" *What! hang thyself? 'cause Kate is curst?*

" *Egad, I'd see Kate hang'd up first.*

" *Friend Dick, this Talk is monstrous idle!*

" *Try a good Horse-whip or a Bridle:*

" *You find old Jobson, in the Farce,*

" *Prevented thus domestick Jars;*

" *When Nell his Wife let loose her Clapper,*

" *He us'd most heartily to strap her,*

" *And by this Usage we are told,*

" *Tam'd Loverule's Wife, a noted Scold:*

" *Richard,*

118 *A new RECEIPT to tame a SHREW.*

“ *Richard*, try thou one hearty Banging;
“ If that should fail, then talk of Hanging.”

Richard reply'd, ‘ *What thou advisest,*
‘ *Friend John*, to me seems best and wisest.

‘ *Who knows*, it may suffice, perhap,

‘ Only to show my *Wife* the Strap?

‘ *Howe'er*, I'll with Discretion deal it,

‘ As *Kate* requires, to see or feel it.’

Here they broke off, and set a Trudging,
Dick to his *Wife*, *John* to his Lodging.

Kate was a lusty, stout Virago,
Pamper'd herself with Soup and Sago,
And was, the Neighbours all agree,
A Match for two such Men as he.

Thus it appears; read but the Sequel;
You'll find, *Dick* wasn't near her equal.

For he to *John* soon after goes,

A Plaister stuck quite cross his Nose,

His Face up to his Eyes was swell'd,

The sadliest that you e'er beheld;

Back, Belly, Sides, in short all o'er

The Man was so confounded fore,

He could not bear the gentlest Touch,

And scarce could go without a Crutch.

“ Mercy!” cry'd *John*, “ Whence did this hap-
“ pen?”

Quoth *Dick*, ‘ ’Twas you told me of Strapping;

‘ And, but for following your Advice,

‘ I had been hang'd, and 'scap'd all this.

‘ Alack

‘ Alack a-day ! why, Kate no sooner
‘ Found that I was about to tune her,
‘ But it enrag’d her so, and vext her,
‘ That she laid hold of what came next her ;
‘ Stools, Tables, Sauce-pans, Plates, and’ Chairs,
‘ Flew, thick as Hail, about my Ears.
‘ She call’d me bold, rebellious Fool ;
‘ Ask’d, why she marry’d, but to rule ?
‘ And with her Talons, and her Fist,
‘ Has scratch’d and bruis’d me, as thou see’st ;
‘ Therefore, to shun all future Sorrow,
‘ Depend upon’t, I’ll hang To-morrow.’

Here John began a grave Discourse.

“ Art, sometimes, triumphs over Force ;
“ Towns that by Storm would ne’er be shaken,
“ Have by Blockade (mind that !) been taken ;
“ People must eat, Dick, else they die ;
“ (First we affirm, and then apply ;)
“ Thus, Dick, should’st thou withhold that
“ Blessing,
“ Without which Life’s not worth possessing,
“ ’Spite of her furious Temper, Kate
“ Wou’d, by Degrees, capitulate.
“ Only let careful quest be made
“ To intercept all foreign Aid ;
“ And though she be a lusty Warrior,
“ And thou hast had the Luck to marry her,
“ Affairs will for the better alter—
“ Take my Advice, and burn thy Halter.”

Richard,

Richard, as we may learn from hence,
 Thinking no more than lit'ral Sense,
 Reply'd, '*Thou art a Simple-ton*,
 '*I told thee, Kate keeps all the Money;*
 '*Therefore 'tis vain what you observe;*
 '*Not she, but I am like to starve.*

"I mean,"—said *John*,—and whisper'd low,
 But what, we could not just then know.
 Howe'er, you'll doubtless, by th' Event,
 Along with us, guess what it meant.
 Few Weeks were past, the Neighbours tell,
 Ere *Dick* had play'd his Part so well,
 That, for the Future, *Kate* abhor'd
 To lift her Hand against her Lord;
 Instead of thund'ring Words, they hear
What Time & ye please to dine my Dear?
 If *Dick* but point towards the Door,
Kate knows the Hint, nor waits for more.
 Things in their proper Course go on,
 And *Dick* in Raptures runs to *John*.

The FOOLISH INQUIRY.

A T A L E.

— *Quod scire non prodest, fuge quærere.*

LET him, who takes a Beauty to his Arms,
 Like her not worse, if *all* admire her
 Charms.

The

The Wretch who does a haggard Beldam wed,
In Hopes to reign unrival'd in his Bed,
Is like the Niggard, who provides such Meat
Himself abhors, that others may not eat.

Joslin, a Hind of Matrimonial Make,
Did smiling *Sally* for his Help-mate take.
The Fields his Toil and Pleasure, her's the
House,
The Flocks his Care, and her's to milk the
Cows.

Equal their Labours, equally they lov'd;
That both were pleas'd, their mutual Fondness
prov'd.

One gloomy Day, he, mowing his rough Face,
Studious survey'd each Feature in the Glass:
This beetle Brow, he said, can *Sally* like?
This Length of Chin so nice a Damsel strike?
Can she be true to such a Swain as me?
Fair, and yet chaste? oh! it can never be.

Curst Jealousy, the Bane of nuptial Joys,
Like Nut-bred Maggots, the sweet Fruit de-
stroys.

Frantic at last, he to his *Sally* goes,
And does his agonizing Fears disclose:
Hast thou been false (he cry'd) the Truth de-
clare,

I'd rather know the worst of Truths than fear:
I from my Soul forgive—dear *Sally*, speak.
Thus urg'd, the Fair with Tears did Silence
break:

Once, dearest ('twas but once, and for thy Sake)
I did the matrimonial Contract break.

The handsome 'Squire (you to the Fair was
gone)

A Visit made, and found me all alone.

Smooth was his Tongue, and he, for Conquest
dress'd,

My trembling Lips with eager Kisses press'd.

Kisses, nor Dress, nor his smooth Tongue cou'd
move

My faithful Heart to Deeds of lawless Love.

Repuls'd? he said— *Since Courtship cannot gain*

A Favour may be spar'd— I must restrain.—

Sighs heav'd my Breast, I wept— *No Need of
Tears;*

Pay me with Love, and cancel all Arrears.—

Strong the Temptation, and our Sex is frail;

Yet *Int'rest* did, not *Wantonnefs*, prevail.

Shou'd ne, I thought, dismantle our sweet Farm,

Pleasure, once stol'n, wou'd less my *Joslin* Harm.

Forgive your *Sally* then, and ne'er upbraid;

Here's the Receipt in full— our Rent is paid.

Pensive he mus'd on what his *Sally* said,

And to himself this wise Reflection made:

Suspicious none but marry'd Fools perplex,

*Who curious search for what, when known, will
vex.*

Sancho, his Brother, chose an ugly Elf,

Frightful to others, hated by himself.

Cou'd

Cou'd Jealousy possess a Man so wiv'd ?
 And yet this Wretch his *Hecatissa* shriv'd.
 Tell me, but tell me true, hast kept thy Vows ?
 Or dignify'd thy lawful Husband's Brows ?

His crooked Rib reply'd,— Some for Delight,
 Their worthless Husbands dub, and some for
 Spite.

I knew thee wicked— for thy Soul I fear'd ;
 That Cuckolds go to Heav'n, I oft had heard,
 So ask'd a hundred, but not one cou'd find,
 (Till *Tom* the Tinker came) wou'd be so kind.
 Nor wou'd my Passion the coy Rogue relieve,
 Unless our old Brass Kettle I wou'd give.

Regret not, what's decreed, ye Sons of Earth ;
 The Ram, or Bull, presid'd at your Birth !
 Fated to Horns— but here the Difference lies,
 Fair *Sally* sells, what *Hecatissa* buys.

The MORAL.

Ye Husbands, who have gotten Wives,
Ye Bachelors without 'em,
If you wou'd lead contented Lives ;
Ne'er plague your Heads about 'em.

If Women once are given to change,
If Love a Freak has sent 'em,
In Spite of all your Care they'll range ;
Not Argus can prevent 'em.

*The Faults, which they have Wit to hide,
Can never discontent you.*

*The Jealous they will ne'er abide :
E'en take 'em as they're sent you.*

The CASE is alter'd.

A T A L E.

HODGE held a Farm, and smil'd content,
While *one* Year pay'd *another's* Rent :
But if he ran the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious Mind :
For not an Hour would *Landlord* stay,
But seize the very Quarter-day :—
How cheap soe'er, or scant the Grain,
Though urg'd with Truth, was urg'd in vain :
The same to *him*, if false, or true ;
For Rent *must* come when Rent was due.
Yet that same *Landlord's* Cows and Steeds
Broke *Hodge's* Fence, and cropt his Meads.
In Hunting, that same *Landlord's* Hounds,
See ! how they spread his new-sown Grounds !
Dog, Horse, and Man, alike o'er-joy'd,
While half the rising Crop's destroy'd :
Yet tamely was the Loss sustain'd —
'Tis said, the Suff'rer *once* complain'd ;

The

The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And pay'd the Bumkin—with a Joke.

But luckless still, poor *Hodge's* Fate!—
His Worship's Bull has forc'd a Gate,
And gor'd his Cow, the last and best;
By Sickness he had lost the rest.

Hodge felt at Heart, Resentment strong;
The Heart will feel that suffers long.

A Thought, that Instant, took his Head,
And thus, within himself, he said;

'If *Hodge*, for *once*, don't *fling* the 'Squire,

'The Village post him for a Lyar.'—

He said;—across his Shoulder throws
His *Fork*, and to his *Landlord* goes.

'I come, an' please ye, to unfold

'What, soon, or late, you *must* be told.

'*My Bull* (a Creature tame 'till now)

'*My Bull* has gor'd *your Worship's* Cow. —

'Tis known what Shifts I make to live —

'Perhaps your *Honour* may forgive.' —

"Forgive!" the 'Squire reply'd, and swore,

"Pray cant to me, *forgive*, no more.

"The *Law* my Damage shall decide,

"And know that I'll be satisfy'd." —

—'Think, Sir, I'm *poor*, *poor* as a Rat' —

—"Think, I'm a JUSTICE, think of *that*!

Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his Head,

And, recollecting, archly said,

'Sir, I'm so struck, when here before ye,

'I fear, I've blunder'd in the Story:—

'Fore *George* ! but I'll not blunder now ;
 ' *Your's* was the Bull, Sir ! *mine* the Cow !—
 His *Worship* found his Rage subside,
 And, with calm Accent, thus reply'd :
 " I'll think upon your Case To-night—
 " But, I perceive, 'tis alter'd quite !"—
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another Bow,
 ' And please ye ! who's the JUSTICE now ?'

The MORAL.

On the same Case what diff'rent Lights are
 thrown,
 When thought another's, and when thought our
 own !
 The Rich still born the Needy to enslave !—
 The Case will alter too beyond the Grave.

The CASE re-alter'd.

A T A L E.

WITH Temper, that made *Cato* great,
Hodge bore, nor murmur'd at, his Fate,
 Oft, as at Work, and oft in Bed,
 These were the Thoughts that rack'd his Head :
 ' My Landlord's Fortue how immense !
 ' His Thousands, more than *Hodge's* Pence.

' Nor

' Nor Sorrow has, nor Cause for Sorrow ;
 ' He lives to Day, nor dreads To-morrow.
 ' Some are to sink, and some to thrive ;
 ' Sure he's the happiest Man alive !'
 But what Friend *Hodge* affirms, we doubt ;
 Is Bliss consistent with the Gout ?
 The Justice, tipling with the Vicar,
 Is ev'ry Night disguis'd in Liquor :
 If sober, not the Gout so bad ;
 For then he thinks, and then is mad.
 His Thoughts, when cool, should *Hodge* be told,
 'Twou'd make him spurn that Trifle, Gold.
 " This Wealth, for which the World cares,
 " How vain, how impotent, to bless !
 " Without the Pow'r to sleep or eat,
 " I'm Justice, 'Squire, and Wretch compleat !
 " This Foot's intollerable Pain
 " Has try'd a thousand Drugs in vain ;
 " And what Prescription can appease
 " This Mind's incurable Disease ?
 " There's *Hodge* — (and yet he envies me)
 " O ! to be half so blest as he !——"
 But Scenes are shifting ; Fever ends
 An Uncle's Life ; a Farm descends
 To *Hodge* : And now he ploughs no more
 The Land his Worship leas'd before ;
 No Crop destroy'd, no Rent to pay,
 He lays up Substance every Day.
 The Justice, on his prancing Mare,
 Attempts a Gate, she throws him there :

There, at the Gate the Bull came through,
 When *Hodge's* Cow he gor'd, and flew.
 From whence the whisp'ring Neighbours know
 What caus'd this fatal Overthrow.

The rosy Vicar, next came by,

And found him with a broken Thigh. —

'Tis set — in vain! — it mortifies! —

The 'Squire before To-morrow dies.

His Daughter's call'd — an only Child —

A Girl of Parts, or had been spoil'd.

Daughter! I'm going! — don't repine!

But lead a better Life than mine. —

Of all my Crimes, none sting me more,

Than Injuries I've done the Poor. —

O! promise me, before these Friends,

To make that injur'd *Hodge* amends! —

At more, with fault'ring Tongue, he try'd, —

But fetch'd a dreadful Groan, and dy'd. —

His Corps, when decently interr'd,

The dying Charge to Mind recurr'd;

“ Yes! I'll fullfil this last Request;

“ (Quoth *Patsy*) but what Method best?

“ Suppose, (her Heart began to say)

“ Suppose 'twere done the nuptial Way? —

“ No doubt, but I might flaunt for Life,

“ A glitt'ring, and a wretched Wife.

“ Though *Hodge* has little, I have Store,

“ What mod'rate Pair wou'd wish for more?

“ By bearing well his adverse Fate,

“ His Merit claims a happier State.

“ An

" An honest Heart, in Nature's Vest,
 " Will make a rural Virgin blest !
 " And *Hodge* is young, and tall, and strait,
 " Of gentle Blood, though small Estate.
 " His Father lost, with just Applause,
 " His Fortune in his Country's Cause."
 She said, and for the Farmer sent,
 And gave such Hints of what she meant,
 That ev'ry Eve' for half a Year,
 He came with neither Shame nor Fear : —
 He came ; — but seldom went away
 'Till Midnight, or the Dawn of Day. —
 The Morn was fix'd ; — the Knot was ty'd ; —
Hodge to the Mansion leads his Bride ; —
 Succeeds the 'Squire in Lands and Store ; —
 And clothes, and feeds, the neighb'ring Poer,
 And 'tis the universal Cry,
Earth hold, and want him long the Sky !

The MORAL.

*If Bliss for Bliss still pass'd, and Woe for Woe,
 The Lot of most were equal, e'en below :
 Which State the best, e'en Reason springs a Doubt,
 The Rich with Anguish, or the Poor without ?
 Or if a-while apparent Wrongs obtain,
 The virtuous Mourners, and o'erjoy'd the Vain,
 Oft ev'n on Earth, the shifted Scenes we view,
 Vice meets its own, and Worth enjoys its due.*

The FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A TALE.

A Farmer once to *London* went,
 To pay the worthy 'Squire his Rent :
 He comes,—he knocks,—soon Entrance gains,
 Who at the Door such Guest detains ?
 Forth struts the 'Squire, exceeding smart,
 “ *Farmer, you're welcome to my Heart :*
 “ *You've brought my Rent then ?*”——“ *To a Hair.*”
 “ *The best of Tenants, I declare.*”
 The Stew'rd was call'd, th' Accounts made even,
 The Money paid, Receipt was given.
 “ *Well, quoth the 'Squire, now you shall stay,*
 “ *And dine with me, old Friend, To-day :*
 “ *I've here some Ladies wondrous pretty,*
 “ *And pleasant Sparks, I'll war'nt will fit thee.*”
 He scratch'd his Ears, and held his Hat,
 “ *And said, no Zur, two Words to that.*
 “ *For look, d'ye zee, when Ize do dine,*
 “ *With Gentlefolks zo cruel fina,*
 “ *Ize use to make (and 'tis no Wonder)*
 “ *In Deed, or Word, zome plag'y Blunder ;*
 “ *Zo, if your Honour will permitt,*
 “ *I'll with your Zervants pick a Bit.*”——
 “ *Pho,*” says the 'Squire, “ *it shan't be done,*”
 And to the Parlour push'd him on.

To

To all around he nods and scrapes,
 Not Waiting-maid or Butler 'scapes ;
 With often Bidding, takes his Seat,
 But, at a Distance, mighty great :
 Tho' often ask'd to draw his Chair,
 He nods, nor comes an Inch more near.
 By Madam serv'd, with Body bended,
 With Knife and Fork, and Arms extended ;
 He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
 To Plate, that over-hung the Table :
 With little Morfels cheats his Chops,
 And in the Passage some he drops :
 To shew where most his Heart inclin'd,
 He talk'd and drank to *John* behind.
 When drank to in the modish Way,
 ' *Your Love's sufficient, Zur,*' he'd say :
 And to be thought a Man of Manners,
 Still rose to make his aukward Honours.
 " *Pish,*" says the 'Squire, " *pray keep your Sit-*
 " *ting,*"
 ' *No, no, he cries, Zur, 'tis not fitting ;*
 ' *Tho' I'm no Scholard, wars'd in Letters,*
 ' *I knows my Duty to my Betters.*'
 Much Mirth the Farmer's Ways afford,
 And hearty Laughs go round the Board.
 Thus the first Course was ended—well !
 But at the next—ah ! what befel.
 The Dishes now were timely plac'd ;
 And Table with fresh Lux'ry grac'd.

When

132 *The* FARMER'S BLUNDER.

When drank to by a neighb'ring Charmer,
 Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
 A Wag, to carry on the Joke,
 Thus to his Servant softly spoke ;
 " *Come hitber, Dick, step gently there,*
 " *And pull away the Farmer's Chair.*"
 'Tis done, his Congee made, the Clown
 Draws back, and stoops to sit him down ;
 But by Posteriors over-weigh'd,
 And of his trusty Seat betray'd,
 As Men at Twigs in River sprawling,
 He catch'd the Cloth to save his falling.
 In vain——sad Fortune ! down he's wallow'd,
 And rattling all the Dishes follow'd.
 The Foplings lost their little Wits,
 The Ladies squall'd, some fell in Fits.
 Here tumbled Turkeys, Tarts, and Wigeons,
 And there minc'd Pies, and Geese, and Pigeons.
 A Pear Pie on his Belly drops,
 A Custard Pudding met his Chops.
 Lord ! what ado 'twixt Belles and Beaus !
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their Cloaths.
 This Lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spatter'd Gown.
 One Spark bemoans bespatter'd Waistcoat,
 One, rot him, cries, he's spoil'd my lac'd Coat.
 Amidst the Rout, the Farmer long
 The Pudding suck'd, and held his Tongue.
 At length he gets him on his Breech,
 And scrabbles up to make his Speech,

First

First scrapes Eyes, Mouth and Nostril twangs,
Then smacks his Fingers, and harangues.
‘ *Plague tak’t—Ize told ye how ’twou’d be,*
‘ *Luck here’s a Pickle, Zurs, d’ye see?*
‘ *And some, I’ll warr’nt, that makes this Chatter,*
‘ *Have Cloathers daub’d with Greas and Batter,*
‘ *That co’st*—— He had gone on, but here
Was sto’t at once in his Career.
“ — *Peace, Brute! be gone,*” the Ladies cry.
The Beaus exclaim, “ *Fly, Rascal, fly.*——
“ *I’ll tear his Eyes out, squeaks Miss Dolly,*
“ *I’ll pink his Soul out, roars a Bully.*——
At this the Farmer shrinks for Fear,
And thinking ’twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries, ‘ *Ay! kill me then,*
‘ *Whene’er you catch me here again.*’
So Home he jogs, and leaves the ’Squire
To cool the Spark and Ladies Ire.
Thus ends my Tale, and now I’ll try,
Like Prior, something to apply.

*This may teach Rulers of a Nation,
Ne’er to place Men above their Station;
And this may show the wanton Wit,
That whilst he bites he may be bit.*

The SUSSEX CLOWN.

A TALE.

WE argued, Dick, last Night at Drinking,
 What most directs the Soul in Thinking :
 Much was advanc'd, both *pro* and *con*,
 But nothing was resolv'd upon ;
 More cool this Morn, for thinking better,
 I've hit the Cause, and send this Letter.

Philosophers, who search to find
 What with most Power sways the Mind,
 May safely all consent to this,
 That Prejudice that Tyrant is :
 For just as that directs the Sight,
 Justice seems Wrong, and Wrong seems Right ;
 Firmly tenacious to a Thought,
 As first by Priest or Nurse we're taught.
 But not to rhyme in learn'd Essay,
 In familiar doggrel Lay,
 To clear this Matter I'll not fail,
 And thus I send an humble Tale.

As you to *Chichester* go down,
 In *Sussex* Roads there stands a Town,
 Where you wou'd think the distant Church
 Had left its Parish in the Lurch ;
 For all who'd hear the Parson preach,
 Must walk a Mile the Church to reach :

And

And what was worfe, some Years ago,
All were oblig'd to trudge quite thro'
A long Lane, dirty, stiff with Clay,
Because there was no other Way.
Hence those who wou'd not Nags bestride,
Or those who had no Nags to ride,
Often in Winter had the Luck,
In miry Rut, to be fast stuck ;
And while one Foot they rais'd with Pother,
Deeper and faster sunk the other :
To the Lane's End from its Beginning,
Was one continued Scene of Sinning ;
For, tho' from Praying come, all swore
Loud as they sung their Psalms before.
The sober Clerk cou'd not forbear——
Sometimes,——it made the Parson swear.

Thus had this miry toilsome Lane
A constant Parish Nuisance been ;
From Sire to Sire, from Son to Son,
All curs'd the Way, yet kept it on :
Till a new Vicar did persuade,
That a new Path-way might be made,
On which the People clean might go,
And leave the miry Slime below.
A Vestry's call'd, and all agree,
To have the Path made instantly.

Now, without Labour, Pain or Toil,
They trip it o'er the gravell'd Soil ;
Without splash'd Cloaths, or dirty Feet,
The Lads appear all trim and neat :

The

The Lasses no Heart-Achings know,
 For the white Coat or red-heel'd Shoe :
 But clean along the old Way's Side,
 Each seems a Bridegroom or a Bride.

You'd think that *all* wou'd leave the Lane,
 And to the Dirt prefer the Clean.

*Ay, surely—What a Thought you've had—
 He who'd deny it must be mad.*

—Yet one there was within the Town,
 Call'd *Hodge*, a headstrong stubborn Clown,
 With miry Boots, and Coat high girt,
 Would still trudge thro' the ancient Dirt.

*Trudge thro' the Dirt, Sir ! What Pretence ?
 'Tis e'en against all Common Sense.*

—What seems 'gainst Common Sense to you,
 He thought to Reason strictly true :

For when once jeer'd at by a Friend,
 Who clean on the high Path did go,
 He did his Folly thus defend,
 And surly answer'd from below,

‘ As long as I remember can,
 ‘ Nay, past the Memory of Man,
 ‘ Our Fathers, and their Fathers too,
 ‘ This very dirty Lane went thro’ :
 ‘ And surely, *Tom*, you must agree,
 ‘ Our Fathers were as wise as we ;
 ‘ As well as we they cou'd have laid
 ‘ Their Gravel, and that Path-way made :

‘ But

' But thro' this Lane they took their Rout,
 ' And had their Reason for't no doubt.
 ' Altho' their Reason's now unknown,
 ' Yet still our Duty shou'd be shown :
 ' For swerving from our Father's Rules,
 ' Is calling all our Fathers Fools——
 ' This *Prejudice* in me you name,
 ' In you it is the very same :
 ' The only Diff'rence I'll unfold,
 ' Your's is for new Things,— mine for old.
 ' Therefore let no Dispute be had,
 ' I think your Way, you think mine bad,
 ' I say you're Fools, you say I'm mad. }
 ' But say, my Friends, whate'er you will,
 ' I'll keep my Sense and Humour still ;
 ' Still trudge the old paternal Way,
 ' Stick in hereditary Clay ;
 ' Not turn a Madman to be clean——
 ' Keep you your Path, and I my Lane.'

The MORAL.

But as a Tale we never send,
 Without a Moral at the End ;
 To shew that we have something meant,
 Left you mayn't see't——That's all that's in't—
 I'd have you know my *Sussex Clown*,
 The Picture is of some in Town.
 For all whom *Prejudice* can sway,
 Who're led by that in a wrong Way,

Firmly

*Firmly tenacious to their Will,
 Plod in paternal Folly still:
 The fair plain Truth they see, yet hate,
 And Errors keep in Church and State;
 Like sacred Oracles adore 'em,
 Because—their Fathers did before 'em.*

*Thus all, who strict to ancient Rules,
 Prove mere hereditary Fools;
 Whether to Patriots they resort,
 Or Pension have, or Place at Court:
 Whether they think it most their Glory
 To be firm Whig, or strenuous Tory;
 Or if high-flown for Church they stickle,
 And rail with Zeal 'gainst Conventicle:
 Or if, Non-Cons, they fire the People,
 With pious Hate, against a Steeple:
 All who paternal Faults admire,
 Down from his Grace to humble 'Squire;
 From's Lordship in Cathedral Stall,
 To Master plain at Salters-Hall;
 All in their Way must be confest,
 To be mere Hodges at the best.*

Dame

Dame JANE; or, the Penitent NUN.

A T A L E.

From LA FONTAINE.

A Nun there was as Primrose gay,
And form'd of very yielding Clay,
Who long had resolutely strove
To guard against the Shafts of Love;
'Till *Cupid* whisp'ring soft the Fair,
Her pious Vows dissolve in Air:
The stolen Sweets she now wou'd smother;
In vain, in vain, poor *Jenny's* made a Mother.

These youthful Pranks at length giv'n o'er,
Sighing, she cries, I'll sin no more;
No more become Man's sensual Prey,
But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.
Lo! in her Cell she weeping lies,
Nor from the Cross once moves her Eyes;
While Sisters, tittering at the Grate,
Pass all their Hours in wanton Prate.

The Abbess, over-joy'd to find
This blissful Change in *Jenny's* Mind,
With Face demure, the Girls addressing,
Ah Daughters! if you hope a — Blessing,
From righteous *Jane* Example take;
The World, its Pomp, and Joys forsake!
Ah,— so we will,— cries ev'ry Nun,
When we — as righteous *Jane* have done.

TEAGUE'S

TEAGUE'S *Speech.*

ARRA! dear Joy, save all your Faces,
 I make much Reverence to your Graces;
 You seem to wonder who you've got here,
Teague's own dear self, the brave Bog-trotter.
 I've rid o'er Seas, indeed, on Foot,
 My Nation's Quarrel to dispute;
 And come by Chance on this Design,
 Myself alone, with all the Nine.
 Think not my *Irish* Crambo cramp,
 Because it wants your courtly Stamp;
 There's half your Muses now in Vogue,
 All *Irish*——but they lack the Brogue.

We're charg'd by some (a Censure how hard!)
 With Names of Blunderer, Cheat, and Coward;
 When (whatso'er vile Rumour bellows)
 We're quite another Sort of Fellows.
 First then, to second my Assertion,
 And clear my Country from Asperision,
 We're from the Charge of Blunders freed,
 For few of most can write or read.
 Some Faults are found in wiser Skulls,
 The Pope (Luck blefs him) has his Bulls.
 Then from Imposture too we're clear,
 Because we ne'er were yet sincere.
 And how can Cheat be that Man's Due,
 Who ne'er pretended to be true?

For

For Cowardice and such Bravadoes,
In taking Kicks and Baffinadoes,
With which we're tax'd—the Charge must fall,
Good lack! we never fight at all.
Our Heroes that at *Figg's* * contest,
Cut Noses only off in Jest.

Thus have I now display'd my Sense,
And made, in short, a long Defence.
The *Irish* Orator, in Fame
Like that old *Greek*, with the hard Name,
Demosthenes, I think——there's few know
His Christian Name——no Matter, you know.
Your Worship may perceive *Apollo's*
Good Grace, has made me born a Scholar.
Indeed my Father (hapless Lot)
Dy'd since before I was begot.
And Books, to which I make Pretensions,
I learnt all by my own Inventions :
My Grammar soon did understand,
And knew that *Domus* was my *Hand*;
Next *Propria Maribus* did enter,
Quæ Genus, and my *As-presenter* :
My Case and Person both could seek,
And write my own fair Mark in *Greek*.
I know the Letters all by Sight,
Tho' I've by Name forgot 'em quite.
Seven Sciences do my Art excel,
Indeed, but I seven Stars can tell :

* A noted Prize-fighter.

Some 'stronomy can half explain,
The three great Bears and *Charles's* Wain :
Can tell when Year *Biffextile* leaps,
And knows when Moon has got her Clypse :
I know all 'losophy in Part,
Can say my Almanack by Heart ;
And count within one Hour or two,
What Clock is by it at first View.
I'm fit at 'versity for *Fellow*,
To take Degree of some Bookseller ;
Perhaps Prize-fighter, or high Stations,
Where I may 'sist mine own Relations.
St. Patrick's Beard ! if e'er I rise, Man,
I'll make my Sister some Exciseman.
I long to exercise my Talent,
Laugh much, and dress like any Gallant.
Seeking Preferment, I'm the oddest,
Arra, my Nation is so modest !
The most of us, when we come hither,
Can get e'en nothing, and that neither.
But e're I'd beg my Bread, for Money,
Myself would ask the King's brave Honey.
What ! such great Learning have and starve on't,
Ay ! no indeed— I've done—— your Servant.

SAUNEY

SAUNEY *the* SCOT.

A T A L E.

TWO Men, one *Yorkshire*, t'other *Scot*,
 What were their Names it matters not ;
 Heedless of wet and windy Weather,
 Friendly jogg'd on the Road together :
 And to make Journey seem more easy,
 In Politics were mighty busy ;
 Till Night extends her fable Wings,
 And Storms and Darkness with her brings ;
 When not a Town nor Cottage nigh,
 Nor Moon nor Star can they descry ;
 But pattering Hail comes down by Bushels,
 And Cloud with Cloud now thund'ring juffles :
 Long had they thus in woful Plight,
 Contented borne the Frowns of Night ;
 Long had they trudg'd through thick and thin,
 (For not a Glimpse of Light was seen ;)
 Till to their Joy and great Surprise,
Yorkshire at length a Chimney spies ;
 The Stars appear, the Storm now over,
 An antique Sign they soon discover,
 At which both caper'd high to think
 Of brisk Wood-fire and potent Drink ;
 Says *Saune*y, with a pleasant Grin,
Yorkshire ! “ Weel worth your bonny Eyn,
 “ For

" For au my Sol Mon as twa Brether,
 " In fike like caud ond waeful Weather,
 " We'll be by *Ondrew's* Croofs as merry,
 " As Lairds are o'er a Cup of Sherry."

So to the Door in Haste they go,
 A House of Trade, good Usage too;
 The Hostess, who was fat and jolly,
Roger her Man, and Daughter *Dolly*;
 Half-wak'd to th' Window run undrest,
 For they had long been gone to rest;
 Wond'ring who 'twas that came so late,
 With loudest Clamour cry, who's that?
 Whom *Scotchman* answer'd full of Wrath,
 " Me Name is *Saune* o' the Noarth,
 " Odfwarbit ope the Heck neu strait,
 " Gin I hant Eal, I'se gang nae Gate."
Yorkshire mean time stood mute as Fish,
 In Expectation of his Wish;
 Whilst Landlady in Haste put on
 Her Petticoat but ne'er a Gown;
 Calls then half drest her Man and Daughter,
 Desirous both to know the Matter.
 But as confus'd i' th' Dark they rose,
Dolly put on her Sweetheart's Hose,
 The Courtship all the Parish knows:
 And without Cap, in Haste came down,
 Her Gown pinn'd close, for Smock she'd none;
 Whilst after Oaths and Execrations,
 The Bent of loose unbridl'd Passions;

Roger

Roger at last, though slow of Foot,
Without his Stockings or his Coat,
Appears courageous as a Hero,
As grim as *Hercules* or *Nero* :
And whatsoe'er this strange Alarm is,
Swore Z——ds he'd stand it *vi & armis*.
With that all arm'd, *Hodge* with a Rope,
Mistress took Broom, and *Doll* the Mop ;
And to the Door run in great Pother,
First *Doll*, then Man, and last the Mother ;
Where *Sauneys*' Phiz and Highland Gear,
Discover'd soon th' Effects of Fear,
In Dame's Posteriors, and her Daughter,
Who sent down copious Streams of Water ;
Whilst *Roger*, most renowned Chief,
Stood trembling like an Aspine Leaf.
As haughty Victors, *Scot* and *Crony*,
Enter'd the House *sans ceremonie* ;
Where Landlady her Ills redresses ;
(For Vent both Grief and Fear suppresses.)
And *Doll* blows up a rousing Fire,
Which makes her Coats more sweet and dryer,
Then brings out what their House afforded,
With Compliments most finely worded :
" Gentlemen, fall to, pray never spare,
" Fit for a King, I vow and swear :
" Nice Hock of Bacon ; cold Grey Peas ;
" A brown Bread'Loaf ; best *Suffolk* Cheese ; }
" And as much Drink, Sirs, as you please." }
VOL. II. H Scarce

Scarce had she curt'sied, and gone back,
Ere *Sauneys* Thoughts were on the Rack,
How the whole Hock he might obtain,
By Dint of Fist or Dint of Brain;
Whence soon arose high Words and Huffing,
That often end in Kicks and Cuffing:
So had this prov'd to some one's Cost,
Had not the Hostess rul'd the Roast;
And reconcil'd this rangling Couple,
By Arguments, and Reasons duple:
Then forthwith she propos'd, *Nem. Con.*
That it for Breakfast should be won,
By him that had the better Dream
In her unbrib'd and wise Esteem:
Both now were pleas'd, the Contest ceases,
And *Scot* gives Hostess Store of Kisses;
While *Yorkshire* hugg'd *Doll* like a Devil,
In Spight of *Hodge* his envious Rival.
To tell the Course of each Amour,
How struggl'd one, how t' other swore,
Would only serve to tire my Muse,
Without just Reason or Excuse:
In short, delighted with the Jest,
They both betook themselves to rest;
But scarce well had they got to Bed,
Ere *Yorkshire* fast asleep was laid:
Whilst *Sauneys* Eyes shun'd all Repose;
Nay even casual Wink or Dose:
Restless he lay in heavy Taking,
Nor thought of ought but Hock of Bacon;

'Length

'Length up he got and search'd the Dairy,
 Ranfack'd each Shelf till almost weary ;
 When in a Dish the Hock he spies,
 Secure from hungry Mice or Flies :
 So to't he fell, and made great Slaughter,
 Nor e'er said Grace 'fore Meat or after :
 And when he'd done straight up he goes,
 With gentle Pace on bare Tip-toes ;
 Creeps into Bed, there studying lies
 What Tale 'gainst Day-light to devise :
 And now the Morning blushing rose,
*Saune*y pulls *Yorkshire* by the Nose,
 Who wak'd therewith, turn'd, tofs'd, and tum-
 bl'd,
 Broke Wind, then rubb'd his Eyes and grum-
 bl'd,
 Whom *Saune*y, in his native Tone,
 " Ask'd what his Thoughts had gaen upon ?
 " What Dream he'd had to win the Prize ?"
 Who answer'd soon with half-shut Eyes ;
 ' Methought, quoth he, from Earth below,
 ' To Heaven I went 'midst Lord knows who ;
 ' Cherubs and Seraphs in bright Station,
 ' But not so much as one Relation
 ' Was there ; nor *Scot* since the Creation.' }
 " Be th' Laird, says *Saune*y, thilk you've tauld,
 " Is lik mi ean for aw the Warld ;
 " I thought I kenn'd ye gang i'th' Cleud,
 " But wotted not if bad or geud :

" Whilk Way o'th' twa he's gaen quo I,
 " He'le ne be hungry nor a dry;
 " Ond gin he is, or I'm mistaken,
 " He'le ne come back for Hock of Bacon.
 " Sae *Yorkshire*' Sbled yeur Onger stem,
 " For I e'en neu have kedg'd my Wem,
 " Ond for yeur Breakfast e'en gae Heam,
 " Or be content with thilk seam Dream."

Yorkshire rose strait with angry Brow,
 To tell his Tale to Dame below:
 Who, when she heard the Case related,
 And the whole Matter clearly stated,
 Laugh'd heart'ly at the Biter bit,
 And prais'd the *Scotchman* for his Wit.

The B R O O M.

A T A L E.

SIR *John*, to large Estate the only Heir,
 His Mother's Hope, her Darling, and her
 Care,

Not suffer'd from his Mamma's Sight to roam,
 But kept to Novels and to Plays at Home;
 Fill'd with romantick Love began to sigh,
 Thought he must love, but knew not what, nor
 why.

Still

Still he read on, and still encreas'd his Flame,
And found that each Knight-errant had his
Dame :

What should he do alone without a Fair ?
Just at the Nick o' time, with wond'rous Air, }
Susan with *Broom* was sweeping down her Stair. }
Sir *John* was smitten with a pleas'd Surprise,
And saw imaginary Charms arise ;
New Beauties at each Look their Sweets disclose,

Here the white Lilly, there the blushing Rose :
In short — to *Susan* he reveal'd his Love,
Which the coy cunning Gypsy did improve,
'Till with Intrigue he stole his fatal Curse,
To *Suky* ty'd for better and for worse.
Soon marry'd, the succeeding Honey-moon,
As it too often proves, was over soon ;
He views his Wife, not as he view'd his Maid,
The Lillies vanish, and the Roses fade ;
Discords, (as Discords will in Marriage rise)
From Morn to Evening fill the House with Noise :
Her Ladyship, to hinder Wars to come,
Renews the Operation of her *Broom* ;
The Knight too late convinc'd by aching Side,
She who could brush his Stairs, could brush his
Hide.

The FRIGHTED FARMER.

A T A L E.

LET modern *Sadduces* declaim on,
 Nor care to own a *Cacodæmon* ;
 Be Goblins, Elves, and Apparitions
 The Sport of Infidel-Physicians ;
 Let philosophic Pedants grin,
 And, in presumptuous Sort, begin
 To muster up whate'er they can say
 Of mere Illusion, — Strength of Fancy, —
 Long Prejudice, — and early Fears, —
 Notions imbib'd in younger Years, —
 And gross Deception of our Senses ;
 These are, we know, the grand Pretences :
 But, ah ! — how groundless, giddy, vain,
 The foll'wing Story will explain.
 'Tis certain Fact, though coarsely told :
 The Matter, prithee, Muse, unfold.

One Day, an honest Farmer went
 (*Roger* by Name) to pay his Rent :
 The Bumkin in his very best,
 As prim as any Quaker drest,
 Did, with a boorish Kind of Pride,
 Sure-footed, sturdy *Brock* bestride.
 His Fob replete with glitt'ring Pence,
 Gave him an Air of Confidence :

But

But yet it griev'd the Gaffer sore,
To think, how soon the precious Ore
Must for his Landlord be secur'd,
By that insatiate Leech, the Steward :
The Thought e'en pierc'd him to the Heart ;
But dearest Friends, alas ! must part.
He jogg'd along, and shook his Head ;
And to himself thus sighing said. —

Relentless Landlords ! — sure, O sure,
If half the Ills that we endure,
To you were once but rightly known,
To us some Mercy wou'd be shewn ;
You wou'd not seize upon the Spoil,
The Product of our endless Toil ;
Nor thus engross the annual Gains
Of all our great, incessant Pains.
But, ah ! ye little know the Care,
The slavish Life, the slender Fare,
The coarse Conveniences, the Crosses,
The vast Expences, various Losses,
To which poor Farmers are expos'd : —
Were this but thoroughly disclos'd,
You wou'd not, sure, so ill requite us,
Nor with foul Pettifoggers fright us.
But — we must strive to be content ;
Prove honest Men, — and pay our Rent :
Then shall we need to fear no Evil,
Nor dread to face the very Devil.

He spoke ; — with harness'd Heel then spur'd
Poor *Brock*, and made him grunt and gurd.

But hold, — to hinder rash Reflection,
I'll obviate here a small Objection.

You'll wonder, till you've been acquainted,
Why *Roger* seem'd so discontented :

But, let my courteous Reader know,
This happen'd many Years ago ; —

When Lawyers, an infernal Band !

Like Locusts, overspread the Land ;

When Pride and Luxury the Realm,

And gen'ral Want, did overwhelm ;

When Trade was low, and Taxes high,

And *Britain* scarce had one Ally.

'Tis Odds (though not to one quite twenty)

That, had he seen these Times of Plenty,

And been our blest Cotemporary,

Hodge had not seem'd in such Quandary.

At length, arriving at the 'Squire's,

He for his Landlord straight enquires,

Dismounts, and gives the Horse some Hay,

And tow'rd's the House then takes his Way.

Into the Steward's Hall he's led ;

Where, though not o'er-genteelly bred,

Hodge to the Bailiff makes a Bow,

As nicely as he well knew how.

(The cringing Beau and lawless Rake,

To Rustics shou'd Allowance make.)

This done, — the fumbling, lab'ring Lout

The loaded Leathern-purse lugs out ;

Empties the glitt'ring, splendid Store,

Which with great Care is counted o'er. —

The

The Steward gives him a Receipt;
 The Cook, his Belly full of Meat:
 Nor does the jolly Butler fail
 To bring in Jugs of nappy Ale.
Hodge smoak'd his Pipe; and, freely drinking,
 Forgot his Purse had quite done chinking.

By Fellow-farmers now beset,
 (Upon the like Occasion met)
 With them he falls into Discourse,
 Tells 'em where *Bess* and *Star* took Horse;
 For Seed-corn, what one made him pay;
 And how he sold last Market-day:—
 Talks of manuring, plowing, sowing,
 Of harrowing, rowling, reaping, mowing:—
 What Management does Good,—what, Harm;
 And how he had improv'd his Farm.

Quite merry, he proceeds to quaff,
 And oft sets up a loud Horse-laugh;
 With roaring Voice essays to sing,
 And grows as happy as a King.

Now,—now,—he's almost overcome!
 'Tis now high Time to think of Home.
 He rises,—takes his Leave of all;
 And tries to stand,—but fears to fall:
 Then, bending tow'rs the Block his Course,
 From thence he mounts upon his Horse.
 Alone he budg'd;—for, 'lack-a-day!
 The rest all gang'd a diff'rent Way.
 And yet he went not quite alone;
 As in the Sequel shall be shewn:

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For one got up, — you'll quickly find, —
(By him though unobserv'd) behind.

Now, on he jogs, with great Content,
Rejoic'd at having paid his Rent;
But, having partly got his Load,
In an unsteady Manner rode;
Lean'd this Way, that Way, backward, forward,

Nor deem'd it proper, now, to spur hard.
For, though he were not fairly fuddled,
Hodge felt himself a little muddled.

Pot-valiant grown, courageous *Roger*
Thought, he could make a special Soldier; —
Valu'd no Mortal of a Louse; — and
Of Foes could kill, — at least, a thousand.

But all this Valour nought avail'd him:
Alas! — his Courage quickly fail'd him.
Though strongly arm'd with stout *October*,
A hearty Fright soon made him sober,
And chas'd away the drowsy God,
Which, now and then had forc'd a Nod.
For, passing o'er a dreary Green,
Where dreadful *Spectres* had been seen,
(By crazy Coxcombs half asleep,)
Poor *Roger*, Sideways, chanc'd to peep.
This he no sooner dar'd to do,
But O! — he saw, — ('tis very true;)
He saw — a sad, tremendous Sight,
That caus'd his Hair to stand upright:

A Sight ! — that well nigh made him swoon ;
 So clearly shone the splendent Moon.
 He saw — a shocking Kind of Shade, —
 (I mean not that his Body made ;
 For O ! besides, he saw another,)
 That made him tremble, quake, and shudder.
 Softly he turn'd his Head ; — and then,
 He look'd, — and turn'd, — and look'd again.
 The Man was in a muck-wet Sweat,
 To think of what behind him sat ;
 And wonder'd, in the Name of G—d !
 What rueful Creature with him rode,
 Which cast — (he horribly suspected,)
 The monstrous Shade he saw projected.
 Himself he blesses ! — and, at length,
 Resuming Courage, Sense, and Strength,
 He o'er one Shoulder glanc'd : — but O !
 What Horror did he undergo,
 When plainly thus reveal'd to Sight,
 He look'd upon th' infernal Spright !

And now, forsooth, to make appear
 The Cause of all this panic Fear.
 Know then, there was, where *Hodge* had been,
 Though ne'er before by *Roger* seen ;
 I say, — there liv'd, at this same Hall,
 A Thing, that Men — a Monkey call.
 (For great Folks then, all must allow,
 Odd Fav'rites had, as well as now.)
 To please the Lady, Pug was kept ;
 And he, to please himself, had leapt —

(The

156 *The FRIGHTED FARMER.*

(The mimic Brute, with hideous Mien,
Damsels oft do the same, had seen,)
Behind poor *Roger*, on the Horse:
Of what ensu'd, — this, this, the Source.

Let's now return to that same Wight,
We left in such a woful Plight.

At Sight of this tremendous Monkey,
How he did stare! — and O — how st—nk he!
For ev'ry Time the poor Man started,
It seems, he somewhat more than f—rt—d.

Hodge ne'er had seen (nor had his Wife,)

So strange a Thing in all his Life.

And, having once of this foul Imp's

Uncouth Grimace receiv'd a Glimpse;

At this first Interview, (O sad!)

That *Roger*, and the Monkey had,

Hanck-back-cack-keck, the Goblin cry'd,

And grin'd in grisly Sort beside.

O! — how did then the poor Man pant,

How mend his Pace! — says he, *Avaunt!*

Satan, avant! — thee I resist!

(He spoke, — and felt himself bepist.)

And do thou, Satan, — from me — fly:

Satan, avaunt! — I thee — defy, —

Thee I — defy! — then let me go:

I am, — as all — my Neighbours know,

A righteous Man, — and good Psalm-singer!

Nor long — to pay my Rent — e'er linger.

Beginning now to feel the Spur,

Brock gallop'd with th' wrong Foot before:

And

And Pug around poor Roger's Neck,
Clasping his Paws, cry'd, — *Hack-hack-keck.*

(Self-preservation is, by Nature,
The Bent of ev'ry living Creature :
'Tis common for the worst of Elves,
T' endeavour to secure themselves.)

The *Farmer* *frighted* worse than ever,
All o'er, like *Aspen Leaf*, did shiver.

And he, who lately did so goster,
Strove now to say the *Pater Noster.*

Like Culprit mounted on the Ladder,
Stamm'ring says he, — *Our Fa-fa-Father,*

Which art — in Ha-ha-Heaven, — (Oh ?
Satan, avault ! and let me go ;)

Hall-ha-ha-hallowed be thy Name :
(To drink so much, — I was to blame.)

Thy King — thy Ke-ke-Kingdom come :
(O ! that — I were but safe — at Home !)

Thus pray'd poor *Hodge*, and Homeward hy'd,
Thus Pug, with *hack-hack-keck*, reply'd ;

And held him by the Farmer fast :
Who (Heav'n be prais'd) got Home at last.

Roger forthwith began to roar, —
Open, dear Wife, at once, the Door ;

Make haste ! — make haste ! — or I'm undone :
Joan came, as fast as she cou'd run.

She star'd to see that Monster, *Pug*,
So closely thus her Husband hug,

Thus hang behind, like any Knap sack,
And in such horrid Sort his Chaps hack.

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O ! come, and help, sweet Wife ! — O hie thee !
Says Hodge, — Sa-Satan, I defy thee !

With goggling Eyes, and screaming Tone,
And I defy thee too, — says Joan :

Nay, — and to let the Dev'l in, loath,
Straight flams the Door, and with an Oath,
Adds, — Faith ! and I defy you both. }

Alas ! — Misfortune on Misfortune ! —

In vain does Hodge his Wife importune,
That in such Need she'd not forsake him :
But e'en for her the De'il might take him :
What, what must now of him become !

Arriv'd (but O ! not safe) at Home.

He got, as well as he was able, —
He knew not how, — into the Stable ;
Accomp'ny'd by his foul Familiar ;
Nor ever, in his Life, look'd fillier.

O dear ! — what must the Man do now ?

He sobs, and stares, and kens the Mow ;
To scramble up the Cratch then strives :

Fear gives him Strength, and Satan drives.

Unhappy Hodge ! — think what you list on't, —
Joan prov'd a most unkind Assistant.

In troth, he well might weep and wail,

To see his Bosom-Friend turn tail.

O'er Head in Hay, now forc'd to creep ; —

Yet could not cry himself asleep :

But watch'd, and pray'd, and quak'd all Night,
And thought of nothing but the Spright.

Thus,

Thus, weltring in his Muck, he lay;
And long'd most ardently for Day.
Mean while, the dire, tremendous Stranger
Lodg'd harmless underneath the Manger.

The welcome Morn arrives at last:—
And early comes, in Murrain-haste,
A trusty Servant from the 'Squire's;
Who, for eloping *Pug*, enquires.
For one, forsooth, had call'd to mind,
He'd seen him sily mount behind
Poor, honest *Hodge*:—*Pug*, o'er and o'er,
'The like had practis'd heretofore;
And, near the Block, it seems, th' Enchanter
Happen'd, that Night, *incog* to saunter.
But who'd ha' thought this grim Gallant
Wou'd e'er ha' prov'd so complaisant,—
Been thus dispos'd so far to roam,
And wait upon the Farmer Home?

In short,—(though I must own, my Metre
Both shorter might ha' been, and sweeter;)
The 'Squire his Monkey had again,—
Roger got rid of all his Pain;
Was really frightened more than hurt,
Requir'd, with Shame, a cleaner Shirt:
And as himself he went to mixen,
Curst all the Way the vagrant Vixen.

The Kiss repay'd.

A T A L E.*

AS *Roger* with his *Jug* was walking,
 Smiling full blithe, and gayly talking,
Sir John, an am'rous Knight, pass'd by,
 And chanc'd on *Jug* to cast his Eye;
 And, with her native Beauty pleas'd,
 The rustic Husband thus address'd:
 Hail, honest Friend! why, odds my Life,
 You've got a wond'rous pretty Wife!
 If you'll permit me one small Favour,
 To kiss her once, I mean, and leave her,
 Whene'er you chance to meet my Dame,
 You shall be welcome to the same.
 Quoth *Roger*, if that's all you crave,
 Your Worship freely has my Leave.
 The Knight stept up without Delay,
 Kiss'd her, and walk'd content away.
 Some few Days after this, in Haste,
 As o'er the Meadows *Roger* past,
 His gentle Friend, *Sir John*, he spy'd,
 My Lady tripping by his Side;
 He bow'd, and tho' his Mouth did water,
 Pass'd on, and mention'd not the Matter.

* See another Version of this Tale, Page 17.

The Knight then spying him, says, Friend,
 To Promises I always stand,
 See here, my Wife at your Command.
 The Clown approach'd and kifs'd the Dame,
 Then fir'd with more than usual Flame,
 He went, and to himself thus said,
 Since the Good Knight so well has paid
 His Promise, Troth, I had much rather
 He'd gone with *Jug* a little farther.

The MAW-WALLOP.

BEING,

A rare Receipt, quite scalding new,
 To make a Mefs of *French Ragou*.

By the D—— of N—c——'s Cook.

JUST after you've din'd, take a Dish, that
 is large,
 And into't, what you have just eaten, dis-
 charge;
 Then get all the rest that are at the Table,
 To spew in the same, as long as they're able.
 Let 'em strain very hard, till all is brought up,
 For the more Spew there is the better the Soup.

Break

Break the Lumps undigested, and thick-clotted
Stuff;

Strain all thro' a Handkerchief, snotty with
Snuff.

Add a Pint or a Quart of tough, yellow Phlegm,
From a Cough that is rotten, hawk'd up with
a—Hem!

Then a Pint of strong Liquor from very sore
Legs,

Beat up, in a Dish, with a few rotten Eggs.

Stew these in a Bed-pan, just warm from a Bum,
And stir it about with your Finger and Thumb.

Then, to this Decoction, put the Spices that
follow;—

Some Cloves, newly taken from Teeth that are
hollow;

Some Scabs from a scald Head,—some Sweat from
the Toes,—

Some Quids from the Mouth,— and some Plugs
from the Nose.

But, first, the Scabs moisten, and the Quids, and
the Plugs,

With the Juice of sore Eyes, and the Liqueur of
Bugs.

Season all with an Onion, pull'd from a sore
Ear,—

Corruption and all,— if it is not too clear.

Then, add Cabbage-Leaves taken off from a
Blister;

With a large liquid Stool, procur'd by a Clyster.

Then,

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Then, put in the *Pipe*, that is just taken out,—
If best-t, 'tis the better,— and stir it about.
And, instead of your Lemons, and Oranges *Seville*,
Squeeze in a Child's T-rd, that has got the King's
Evil.
But,— if you wou'd have it *exceedingly nice*,—
Add, of Ear-Wax an Ounce, from the Head
threescore Lice.
And still an Improvement is made to the Dish,
If you add thereunto a few Bits of proud Flesh.
But a few fine frum Peas, newly squeez'd from
old Issues,
By all is agreed, make it vastly delicious.
And if you wou'd have it still thinner than this,
Dilute, to your Taste, with a little Cat's Piss.

Where's the P O K E R ?

A T A L E.

THE Poker lost, poor *Susan* storm'd,
And all the Rights of Rage perform'd;
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
Abusing, figitting, and fretting.
“ Nothing but Villainy and Thieving;
“ Good Heavens ! what a World we live in !

“ If

“ If I don't find it in the Morning,
“ I'll surely give my Master Warning.
“ He'd better far shut up his Doors,
“ Than keep such good-for-nothing Whores ;
“ For wherefoe'er their Trade they drive,
“ We *vartous* Bodies cannot thrive.”
Well may poor *Susan* grunt and groan ;
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each other's Heels in Throngs ;
For the next Day she lost the Tongs :
The Salt-box, Cullender, and Grate,
Soon shar'd the same untimely Fate.
In vain she Vails and Wages spent
On new ones—for the new ones went.
They'd been (she swore) some Dev'l or Witch in
To rob and plunder all the Kitchen.
One Night she to her Chamber crept,
(Where for a Month she had not slept,
Her Master being to her seeming
A better Playfellow than dreaming)
Curse on the Author of these Wrongs !
In her own Bed she found the Tongs.
(Hang *Thomas* for an idle Joker !)
And there, good lack ! she found the Poker,
With Salt-box, Pepper-box, and Kettle,
And all the culinary Metal.——
Be warn'd, ye Fair, by *Susan's* Crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from Losses ;
For if young Girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the Poker's missing.

THYRSIS *and* DAPHNE.

A T A L E.

THYRSIS, the Darling of the Fair,
 And *Daphne* every Shepherd's Care,
 To mutual Joys did Love ordain,
 And either wore the other's Chain.
 Their Breasts with pleasing Tumults tost,
 All Thoughts in Thoughts of Love they lost;
 Each Hour grew fonder than before,
 And ev'ry Moment doated more.
 In Groves, whose Verdures banish Day,
 In Grotts, where trembling Echoes play;
 In Arbrets, green with frequent Shade,
 Beneath the spreading Mulb'ry laid;
 Or on Brook-Margins, strew'd with Flowers,
 They joy'd to pass the silent Hours:
 The silent Hours, the Brooks, the Groves,
 Recorded their unalter'd Loves.

There is an Hour, by Fate assign'd,
 When Nature works on Beauty's Mind;
 A Season, lucky to persuade,
 A Moment, when the chastest Maid,
 That feels of Love the melting Pains,
 Yields to the Laws, by which he reigns:
 Nor watchful Guards, nor Bars of Steel,
 Nor Cloysters rais'd by Papal Zeal,

Can

Can ward the charming Virgin's Doom,
 When once her Hour of Bliss is come.
 Such was this charming Virgin's Fate,
 And ev'ry Nymph finds soon or late :
 From *Thyrsis*' Eye in vain she strove
 To hide the Longings of her Love ;
 He saw her Passion in her Face,
 And strain'd her in a strict Embrace.

Behold him clasp'd in *Daphne*'s Arms,
 The lovely Spoiler of her Charms !
 Abandon'd to his fierce Desire,
 He lies, and trembles to expire :
 When O ! cry'd she, my better Part !
 Kind Inmate of my faithful Heart !
 O give not yet Desire its Sway !
 Soul of my Eyes, my *Thyrsis*, stay ;
 Entranc'd together let us lie ;
 Together, *Thyrsis*, let us die !

With sweet Surprise the Shepherd heard
 Pray'rs in such soft Distress preferr'd ;
 And tho' Love gives but short Delays,
 And, travers'd, from his Channel strays ;
 Yet with those melting Whispers prest,
 That shudder'd to his inmost Breast,
 He strove obedient to refrain,
 And check'd the pressing Joy with Pain.

What Pictures now his Mind employ,
 In this delightful Pause of Joy !
 What Thoughts the Soul of *Thyrsis* rais'd !
 A Moment on her Eyes he gaz'd ;

A Moment sooth'd her kind Complaint,
And languish'd in the still Restraint.
At length indulgent Nature sway'd
To equal Warmth the tender Maid:
The tender Maid began to waste,
The Messengers of Love made Haste:
Ah! now, my blooming Boy! she cries,
Ah! now, my Life! thy *Daphne* dies!
And I the keen Impulse obey,
Replied the Youth, and died away.

Thus the fond Pair resign'd their Breath,
And dy'd a transient am'rous Death;
Returning Life they counted Pain,
And wish'd and sigh'd to die again.

Miss in her Teens.

A T A L E.

A Nymph of Fifteen that had often been chid,
By her Sisters more grave, for the Faults
that she did;
For rumpling her Manteau that late had been
try'd,
For her Bodice unlac'd, and her Stockings unty'd.
By Nature quite careless, and merry and wild,
Was resolv'd to be treated no more like a Child.

Quoth

Quoth the first, ' 'tis a Shame to lie dreaming
' a-bed,

' With your Heels kick'd aloft, and as high as
' your Head ;

' To lie tumbling and tossing above, while the
' Pot

' Is set on for the Tea, and the Water half hot.

' No Pray'rs are repeated, nor Chapter once read,

' From Twelve when you rise, till Twelve when
' to-bed :

' With romping Companions delighted to prance,

' You mind neither Needle, nor Sermon, nor
' Dance.

' At *Pam*, or at Cribbage, you trifle your Hours,

' Asleep till past Ten, and at Night at All-fours.

' Pray *Bet*, let your Age in your Wisdom be seen,

' For Maids should begin to look grave at Fif-
' teen.'

With that she took Fire, and ran up to her Glass,
Admiring her Shape, and her Air, and her Face ;
Well pleas'd with her Beauty, her Stature and
Size,

So much like a Woman's, her Neck and her
Eyes ;

And, thinking herself full as wise as the best,
Half pleas'd and half mad, thus her Sisters ad-
drest :

' Whate'er your Pretence is, you envy your *Betty*,

' For being so gay, and so young, and so pretty ;

' Be-

‘ Because I am fairer and younger than you,
‘ Is the Reason you call me so often Miss *Prue*.
‘ My blooming bright Charms do your Beauties
‘ disgrace,
‘ And your Quarrel is not at my Folly, but Face.
‘ Must a body for ever be jumbled up Stairs,
‘ And be scolded away to one’s Bobbins and
‘ Pray’rs ?
‘ To read a good Book, perhaps lose a good
‘ Meal,
‘ As if one was born to do nothing but kneel ?
‘ To hum o’er a Chapter, be call’d from a Dance,
‘ And, for Piety’s Practice, throw down a Ro-
‘ mance ?
‘ And then I’m call’d Child, little *Betty*, and Miss,
‘ As if I had still my wax Baby to kiss ;
‘ Tho’ perhaps I may know, well as other Folks
‘ can,
‘ The Cheeks of a Doll from the Lips of a Man.
‘ For, according as Nature has fashion’d the Skull,
‘ Some are wise at Fifteen, some at Fifty are dull.
‘ Then you, Madam *Mary*, and you, Mrs. *Kate*,
‘ Pray spare your Reproofs, for they now come
‘ too late.
‘ To be grave as yourselves I shall never despair,
‘ Having Wisdom enough, and a little to spare.’
With that they turn’d tail, and strait shut to the
Door,
Consulted their Glafs, and chid *Betty* no more.

The PIG ; or, CONJUGAL OBEDIENCE.

A T A L E.

SOME Husbands, on a Winter's Day,
 Were met to laugh their Spleen away.
 As Wine flows in, and Spirits rise,
 They praise their Consorts to the Skies.
 Obedient Wives are seldom known,
 Yet all could answer for their own ;
 Acknowledg'd each as Sovereign Lord,
 Abroad, at Home, in Deed, and Word :
 In short as absolute their Reign, as
 Grand Seignior's over his Sultanas.
 For Pride or Shame to be outdone,
 All join'd in the Discourse but one,
 Who, vex'd so many Lies to hear,
 Thus stops their arrogant Career :

'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say,
 What ! all so absolutely sway !

In *England* ! where *Italians* wise,
 Have plac'd the Woman's Paradise ?
 In *London* ! where the Sexes flower,
 Have of that *Eden* fix'd the Bower ?
 Fie ! Men of Sense to be so vain,
 You're not in *Turky*, or in *Spain*,
 True *Britons* all ; I'll lay my Life,
 None here is Master of his Wife.

These

These Words the general Fury rouse,
And all the Common Cause espouse ;
'Till one with Voice superior said,
(Whose Lungs were sounder than his Head)
I'll send my Footman instant Home,
To bid his Mistress hither come ;
And, if she flies not at my Call,
To own my Power before you all,
I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,
As *Sh—k*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there—replies th' Objector sly,
Prove first that Women never lie ;
Else, Words are Wind—to tell you true,
I credit neither them, nor you :
No, we'll be judg'd a surer Way,
By what they *do*, not what they *say*.
I'll hold you severally that boast,
A Supper at the Loser's Cost,
That if you'll but vouchsafe to try,
A *Trick* I'll tell you by-and-by ;
Send strait for every Wife quite round,
One Mother's Daughter is not found,
But what before her Husband's Face,
Point blank his Orders disobey.
To this they one and all consent,
The Wager's laid, the Summons went.

Mean while he this Instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your Wives,
Your *Will* and *Pleasure* is t' invite
These Friends to a *Boil'd Pig* to-night.

The commoner the Trick has been,
 The greater Chance have you to win :
 The Treat is mine, if they refuse,
 But if they *boil* it, then I lose.

The first, to whom the Message came,
 Was a well-born and haughty Dame ;
 A saucy independent She,
 With Jointure, and with *Pin-Money* ;
 Secur'd by Marriage-Deeds from Wants,
 Without a separate Maintenance.
 Her Loftiness disdain'd to hear,
 Half thro', her Husband's Messenger,
 But cut him short with—how dare he,
 'Mongst Pot-Companions, mention me ?
 He knows his Way (if sober) home ;
 And, if he wants me, let him come.—

This Answer, hastily return'd,
 Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd :
 For each one thought his Wife on Trial,
 Would brighter shine by this Denial.

The second was a Lady gay,
 Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play ;
 To spark it in the Box or Ring,
 And dance on Birth-Nights for the King :
 Whose Head was busy wont to be
 With something else than Cookery.
 She, hearing of her Husband's Name,
 Tho' much a Gentlewoman, came ;
 When half inform'd of his Request,
 A Dish, as he desir'd it, dress :—

Quoth

Quoth Madam, with a serious Face,
(Without enquiring what it was)
You can't sure for an Answer look,
Sir, do you take me for your *Cook*?
But I must haste a Friend to see,
Who stays my coming for her Tea.
So said, that Minute out she flew;
What could the slighted Husband do?
His Wager lost, must needs appear,
For none *obey* that will not *bear*.

The next, for Housewifry renown'd,
A Woman notable was own'd,
Who hated Idleness and Airs,
And minded Family-Affairs;
Expert in every thing was she,
At Needlework, or Surgery:
Fam'd for her Liquors, far and near,
From richest Cordials to Small-Beer:
To serve a Feast she understood,
In *English* or in Foreign Mode.
Whate'er the wanton Taste could chuse,
In Kickshaws, Sauces, or Ragous:
She spar'd for neither Cost nor Pain,
Her welcome Guests to entertain.
Her Husband fair accosts her thus:
To-night these Friends will sup with us.
She answer'd with a Smile, my Dear,
Your Friends are always welcome here.
—But we desire a Pig, and pray
You'll boil it;—Boil it! did you say?

I hope you'll give me Leave to know
 My Business better, Sir, than so.
 Why, ne'er in any Book was yet
 Found such a whimsical Receipt:
 My Dressing none need be afraid of,
 But such a Dish was never heard of.
 I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
 Let those, who know no better, spoil it.
 —Her Husband cry'd, for all my Boast,
 I own the Wager's fairly lost:
 And other Wives, besides my Love,
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
 As chargeable as this to me,
 To show their Pride in Housewifry.

Now the poor Wretch that next him sat,
 Felt his own Heart go pit-a-pat;
 For well he knew his Spouse's Way,
 Her Spirit brook'd not to obey;
 She never once was in the Wrong—
 He told her with a trembling Tongue,
 Where, and on what, his Friends would feast,
 And how the Dainty should be dress'd.
 —To-night, quoth (in a Passion) she?
 No Sir, To-night it cannot be:
 And was it a *boil'd Pig* you said?
 You and your Friends are sure run mad.
 The Kitchen is the proper Sphere,
 Where none but Females should appear;
 And Cooks their Orders, by your Leave,
 Always from Mistresses receive.

Boil

Boil it! was ever such an Ass?
Pray Sir, what would you have for Sauce?
If any Servant in my Pay,
Dare dress a Pig that silly Way,
In spite of any Whim of yours,
I'll turn her quickly out of Doors.
For no such Thing (nay, never frown)
Where I am Mistress, shall be done.
Each Woman wise her Husband rules;
Passive Obedience is for Fools.

This Case was quickly judg'd; behold
A Fair One of a softer Mould;
Good Humour sparkled in her Eye,
And unaffected Pleasantry:
So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
Her Spouse thought certainly to win:
(Pity, such golden Hopes should fail)
Soon as she heard the appointed Tale,
My Dear, I know not, I protest,
Whether in Earnest or in Jest,
So strange a Supper you demand,
Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,
But do it freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever Woman did it.
—This Cause, by general Consent,
Was lost for want of Precedent.

Thus each deny'd a several Way;
But all agreed to disobey.
One only Dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was, and plain,

If now and then her Voice she tries,
'Tis not for *Rule*, but *Exercise*.
Unus'd her Lord's Commands to flight,
Yet sometimes *pleading* for the *Right*.
She made her little Wisdom go
Farther than wiser Women do.
Her Husband tells her, looking grave,
A *roasting Pig* I *boil'd* would have;
And to prevent all *Pro* and *Con*,
I must insist to have it done.
Says she, my Dearest, should your Wife
Get a Nick-name to last for Life?
If you resolve to spoil it, do;
But then I hope you'll eat it too.
For, tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder Squabble,
I shall not, will not, sit at Table.
She spoke, and her good Man alone,
Found he had neither *lost* nor *won*.
So fairly parted *Stakes*; the rest
Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jest,
"Would your Wife boil it? let us see:"
Hold there, you did not lay with me.
You'll find, in spite of all you've boasted,
Your *Pigs* are fatted to be *roasted*.
The Wager's lost, no more contend,
But take this Counsel from a Friend:
Boast not your Empire, if you prize it,
For happiest he who never tries it;
Wives unprovok'd, still best obey,
And that you'll find the safest Way.

But

But if your Spouſes take the Field,
Reſolve at firſt to win or yield ;
For Heaven no Medium ever gave,
Between a Sovereign and a Slave.

The C O N T E S T.

A LONDON ECLOGUE, in Imitation of
the Seventh Paſtoral of *Virgil*.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum. HOR.

Beneath a Tun, whoſe vaſt capacious Sides,
Glit'ring with Gold the drunken God be-
ſtrides,

Beneath this Tun two jolly Songſters lay,
And with a genial Bowl chas'd Care away :
Both Sons of *London*, both alike inspir'd
With Rival Arts, and Thirſt of Glory fir'd :
Reſolv'd before an Umpire to conteſt,
Who could the longeſt ſing, and ſing the beſt :
Tom Piper, warbling Charmer of the Street,
Next to the Tun, as Umpire claim'd his Seat.
Thither, by Chance or Fortune led aſtray,
Unknowing where I rov'd, I took my Way :
My Way of them I aſk'd ; — but with a Smile
Piper reply'd, — Pray, Sir, ſit down a while ;

Be free from Care, as you are free from Harm,
 And though our Hut is homely, it is warm :
 Stay 'till the Crowd from out the Streets are gone,
 Then reel majestic home, for all the Street's
 your own :

But lest unhappy you again should stray,
Jack with his friendly Torch shall lead the Way.
 What could I do ? — Nor *Sue* nor *Phillis* nigh
 To guard my Pockets with observing Eye :
 What cou'd I do ? — Silence the Swains invoke.
 In short, I risk'd my Safety for a Joke.
 To sing alternately the Rivals chose,
Chauntclear these Rhymes rehears'd, and *Raucus*
 those.

CHAUNTCLEAR.

* *Ægidian Nymphs*, in Cells or Garrets hear :
 Inspire my Theme, and make my Music clear :
 Next *Warbletini* let me be profess'd,
 For you'll all own that he can sing the best :
 But if my wild Ambition soars too high,
 Aiming to grasp at Immortality,
 For ever I resign my tuneful Task,
 And hang my String of Ballads on the Cask.

RAUCUS.

† *Hockleian Youths*, inspire my rising Mind,
 With Wreaths of *Juniper* my Temples bind :
 Though *Warbletini* may deny me Praise,
 My Wreath's as honour'd as if made of Bays :

* A poetical Epithet for *St. Giles's*.
Hole.

† Of *Hockley in the*

This Chaplet shall protect me from his Tongue,
Left by some secret Charm it mar my Song.

CHAUNTCLEAR.

This filken Handkerchief which here I wear,
(My first Reward for singing at the Fair)
I offer, *Warbletini*, to thy Shrine,
To speed my Song, and make my Notes divine:
Each Nymph shall *Warbletini* then adore,
Admire thy tuneful Lays, and own thy vocal
Pow'r.

RAUCUS.

O *Stokes* * renown'd, this *Holland* Shirt I've on,
(At Country Fair by Dint of Valour won)
Accept; for as from Thee I learnt that Art,
'Tis but the Tribute of a grateful Heart:
But should succeeding Honours crown the Fight,
Succeeding Songs shall crown the Day and Night:
While you in Triumph pass, each Nymph I'll
charm,
With Tales of conquer'd Chiefs their Souls
alarm,
'Till they, in Raptures lost, shall bless thy con-
qu'ring Arm.

CHAUNTCLEAR.

O fair † *Hoppæa* with thy tripping Feet,
Neat as a Milkmaid, as a Milkmaid sweet;
Come with thy charming Mein, and graceful Art,
Come to thy *Chauntclear*, and rejoice his Heart;

* A famous Prize-Fighter. † This Name seems to be
taken from Petit Assemblies or Hops.

Come when fatigu'd, coroding Cares abound,
And make my Midnight Hours with Jollitry go
round.

RAUCUS.

O *Cynderaxa*, may I seem to you
Loathsome and hateful as a Toupee Beau,
Who, with short quick-fetch'd Steps, trips fast
along,

And, as he paces, murmurs out a Song.
Such may I be, if that when you're not near,
An Hour seems not a Day, a Day a Year.

CHAUNTCLEAR.

Ye sacred Liquors, moving easy Sleep,
Ye Hogsheads, which those sacred Liquors keep,
Fend me from Cold: The Summer Warmth
is o'er,
And sharp bleak Winds come whistling on the
Shore.

RAUCUS.

When tir'd with Dirt, and wet with Rain
and Mire,
This hospitable Shop affords a Fire:
Me Wind nor Weather can no more affright,
Than* Divers fear the Dusk, or Thieves the Night.

CHAUNTCLEAR.

Our Bowls with Floods of *Juniper* are
crown'd,
Berries distill'd lie scatter'd o'er the Ground,
And smiling Bounty strows her Gifts around: }

* Pick-Pockets.

But

But should poor *Filch* at the next Sessions die,
Tuns might unheeded flow till they were dry.

RAUCUS.

Though Hoarse my Voice, Though spent my
little Store,
Tho' Gin deny'd her all-solacing Pow'r :
Shou'd but my *Chloe* once recross the Main,
And bless my solitary Haunts again ;
No Care, no Want, my Quiet should destroy,
But all around me wear the Face of Joy.

CHAUNTCLEAR.

Majestic stalks the Dutcheſs in Brocade,
Neat Dimity adorns the rural Maid ;
The jolly Hosteſs in her Sattin flares,
And *Drury* Nymph in Velvet shows her Airs.
Clean, tho' not gay, tho' not new, all her own,
My *Phillis* charms in a plain Linen Gown ;
And while my *Phillis* will her Linen wear,
No Dimity shall please, no Sattin flare,
Nor Velvet nor Brocade with Linen shall
compare. }

RAUCUS.

Songs on Excise, near *Change*, meet most
Reward,
And loving Ditties best suit *Paul's Church-Yard* :
But shou'd my *Chloe*, e'er to ease my Pain,
Revisit this forsaken Clime again,
To her those Songs shall yield which bring Re-
ward,
And those soft Ditties prais'd in *Paul's Church-
Yard*.

These

182 *The BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.*

These were their Rhymes, which I at leisure pen'd,
When bold rough *Raucus* did in vain contend;
From Street to Street now *Chauntclear* charms
the Town,
And with unrival'd Ditty charms alone.

The BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.

A Piscatory LONDON ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of the Third Eclogue of VIRGIL.

OYSTERIA.

HO! *Nan*, whose Fish are those that look
so dry?

WELFLETA.

Young *Polly Melton* gave 'em me to cry.

OYSTERIA.

Unhappy *Polly*, who thy *Stand* can leave,
And with vain Hopes of *Love* thyself deceive!
While you *Jack Tar* will court, but court in vain,
Fearing that I your Sailor shall obtain,
Here, *Poll*, another will thy Gains devour,
Nor turn a lucky Penny in an Hour;
Thy Tubs unwash'd, thy *Mackarel* forlook,
And Two-pence sunk in ev'ry Groat that's took.

WELFLETA.

No Scandal, Madam, if you come to that,
Some may be told of you.— We know what's
what.——

When

The BILLINGSGATE CONTEST. 183

When *Billy's* Boat came floating down the Tide,
You with him at the Bottom was espy'd,
To kiss and toy, and something else beside;
Till the neglected Boat ran close to Shore,
And to some laughing Maids discover'd your A-
mour.

OYSTERIA.

'Twas at that Time, since Follies you rehearse,
When you, in Height of Kissing, stole a Purse.

WELFLETA.

No; when beneath a Tree in *Greenwich Park*,
You was with *Fenny's* Husband in the Dark,
Tore her lac'd Coif, then raving, stamp't, and
cry'd;—

But for the Mischief you for Spite had dy'd.

OYSTERIA.

What Lies, you, Mistress *Impudence*, wou'd
prate,

When you can tell 'em at so round a Rate?
Did not I see you, Madam, watchful stand,
To steel a Ring from sleeping *Peggy's* Hand,
Stroaking her Finger with your utmost Care?—
But I came in, and rous'd the sleeping Fair.
Thieves, Thieves, I cry'd; defeated of your Prey,
Like Dog that's burnt his Tail, you stole away.

WELFLETA.

Where'er we find it, we may take our own;
The Ring was mine, by Singing fairly won;
But she would never give me up the Prize,
Nor yet the Truth of what I say denies.

Oys.

184 *The BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.*

OYSTERIA.

You sing with *her* ! who are at best but fit
To squawl a wretched Ballad thro' the Street ;
With *me* you dare not sing . A Match I'll make,
And boldly back my Wager with a Stake :
These golden Beads with which myself I deck,
Which, in three Rounds, hang pendant on my
Neck ;

Do you stake aught of equal Value down,
The *Necklace* win, and wear it as your own.

WELFLETA.

Of equal Value I can nothing boast,
At Home a cunning Step-dame rules the Roast ;
Who tells each Morn my Fish into my Tray,
And to a Farthing counts the Profits of the Day.

Yet this I'll pledge, to me of more Esteem,
Than any polish'd Gold, or sparkling Gem,
This silver *Thimble*, this my Will shall prove
The latest Token of my parting Love,
Which *Johnny* gave 'fore he last Voyage made,
And which as yet was ne'er to Needle laid.

OYSTERIA.

To match your Pledge, this silver *Seal* I stake,
Which much I value for my *Tommy's* Sake,
Who parting gave it, sighing on my Breast,
And which as yet was ne'er on *Letter* prest.
But haste, begin, nor thus the Time prolong,
Let *Maccarella* judge of either's Song.

MACCARELLA.

Sing then, my Fair Ones, for the Coast is clear,
And all is Peace, as much as can be here ;
The

The BILLINGSGATE CONTEST. 185

The Market's o'er, then let your Songs begin,
And I'll decide with Justice who shall win :
By Turns let each some tuneful Ditty chime,
You'll please the more, the more ye change your
Rhime.

WELFLETA.

From *Cupid*, Ruler of the Gods above,
My Song begins, for all are rul'd by *Love* ;
To him the Care of Maids and Swains belongs,
He hears their *Pray'rs*, and he applauds their *Songs*.

OYSTERIA.

I seek no God, my *Tommy* me inspires
With as much Love, and with as happy Fires ;
To him, sweet Youth, as ever cross'd the Sea,
To him, as due, my Songs shall ever be.

WELFLETA.

My *Johnny* taps my Neck in wanton Play,
Then wishing to be seen, he trips away.

OYSTERIA.

My *Tommy* flies not, but upon my Knee,
Swears he ne'er saw a Maid so fair as me.

WELFLETA.

This crooked Groat I'll send my Swain to prove
My Heart is bent like this to him and Love.

OYSTERIA.

But for my Sweet-heart I this Ring design'd,
The truest Emblem of a faithful Mind :
This Circle has no Ending, this I send
To tell my Love my Passion ne'er shall end.

WEL-

186 *The* BILLINGSGATE CONTEST.

WELFLETA.

How oft has mine in fondest Rapture swore,
He never chang'd his Mistress with his Shore :
Gods ! hear the Sound, and bless the constant
Man ;

Shew such another Sailor, if you can.

OYSTERIA.

But mine with more Inconstancy will court,
And gain new Mistresses at ev'ry Port ;
Fond, tho' inconstant, pleasing, tho' he's free ;
Yet none can keep the Rover's Heart but me.

WELFLETA.

I keep my Birth-day from the Coast of *France*,
Sweet *William* come, and grace it with a Dance.

OYSTERIA.

I'm with sweet *William* more in Grace than you ;
To me he swore at *Wapping* to be true :
Hoisting the Sails, when he on Deck did stand,
To me Adieu he cry'd, and wav'd his faithful Hand.

WELFLETA.

If you can tell, say in what foreign Land,
The golden Ore lies sparkling in the Sand ;
Where, as one River flows with comely Pride,
It bears the Wealth of *Europe* in its Tide.

OYSTERIA.

Nay, tell me first, on what rich Coasts are found
Spices that breathe their fragrant Odours round :
Where Nutmegs with their fragrant Scents dis-
pense,

And, in their balmy Gales, can ravish ev'ry Sense.

MAC-

The DISAPPOINTED MAID, &c. 187

MACCARELLA.

Hold, Maidens, hold ; for I shall never tell
Who sings the best, when both can sing so well.
Both ever happy be, and all who prove,
By Turns, the various Sweets and Pains of Love.

The DISAPPOINTED MAID *and*
DROWSY SWAIN.

A T A L E.

By *Mr.* PATTISON.

A S *Dolly*, and her fav'rite Swain,
Were interrupted by the Rain,
From tedding out the fragrant Hay ;
Beneath a shelt'ring Cock they lay :
When thus the lovely, longing Jade,
Unto the drowsy Shepherd said ;
Nay, prithee *Lobby*, why so sleepy ?
Indeed—upon my Word I'll nip ye.—
How pretty might we sit and chat,
Tell o'er old Stories, and all that.—
But you—O Shame ! thou senseless Beast !
To snore it thus, and take your Rest !
Lob, half asleep, made no Replies,
Or answer'd with a Grunt her Sighs.
While she, to be reveng'd, arose,
And play'd a Tickler in his Nose.
(But some, the Virgin to disgrace,
Will say, 'twas in another Place.)

Be

188 *The UNSEASONABLE SURPRIZE.*

Be that as 'twill, she wak'd the Swain,
 And tickled him with Words again.
 Come, Sweeting, *Lobby*, come, my Dear,
 I'm sure that nobody is near;
 Indeed we may, pray ben't afraid,
 Poor I am, but a harmless Maid.
 For since you're so dispos'd to rest,
 Pray take a Nap upon my Breast.
 You see Time, Leisure, Place, and all,
 For such Employment, seem to call.
 And you remember People say,
When the Sun shines, then make your Hay.
 Augh ! Augh ! quoth *Lob*, wak'd with Surprise,
 To see the Sun flame in his Eyes.
 Heigh ho ! come *Doll*, for as you say,
The Sun shines, we must make our Hay :
 So reach me there my Rake and Prong,
 'Twas well you wak'd— we've slept too long.

The UNSEASONABLE SURPRIZE.

A T A L E.

AS *Tom* laid *Moll* beneath a Shade,
 To play a Game for Maidenhead;
 With smacking Buss, and Chuck o' th' Chin,
 The Prologue to the future Scene,
 He thus address'd his bowzy *Molly*,
 Nay, pish, this Coynefs is a Folly !

Un-

The Two Thousand Pound Bond, &c. 189

Unwilling? blush? nay, pshaw— my Dear!

My Love, came we for nothing here?

Alas! quoth she, should I prove fruitful,

You know, at best, that would but suit ill—

Pish, then, if that's thy Care, my *Moll*,

There's one above provides for all—

To which, quoth *Sly*, upon the Tree,

Your Brats, and you, be damn'd for me.

*The TWO THOUSAND POUND BOND ;
or, a necessary Settlement.*

A T A L E.

THE worst of Ills admit a Cure,
And Gold's a Remedy most sure :

It saves from Noose the robbing Swain ;

And cleans the Virgin's secret Stain.

But lest the Prologue, that's before ye,
Should be too long—— I'll to my Story.

Alderman *Pond*, a rich old Cuff,
Had scarce been married long enough,
Before his Wife brought forth to Light,
A strapping comely Female bright ;

And, to complete the married Joy,

Soon afterwards produc'd a Boy.

Their Dad, to give 'em the best Learning,

As they grew up to quick Discerning,

190 *The Two Thousand Pound Bond;*

A Tutor took, of courtly Phrase,
 Genteel, well-bred, and comely Grace :
 A Man, who knew how to improve
 Each Art,—— but chief the Art of Love.
 For *Cupid* taught him, when in *France*,
 To sing, and play, intrigue, and dance ;
 To dress, and act the modern Beau,
En Cavalier, from Top to Toe.
 In order to be Miss *Kate*'s Suitor,
Syntax took on him to be Tutor,
 That, in this Pedant-like Disguise,
 Her he might court without Surmize :
 And he so well fulfill'd his Plot,
 That truly all his Ends he got.
Kit seem'd the very Queen of *May*,
 Or the bright Offspring of the Day ;
 She rival'd ev'ry famous Toast,
 And was the City's proudest Boast ;
 Set ev'ry foppish Heart on Fire,
 And taught old Age how to admire.
 She conn'd her Lesson thrice a Day,
 (Learning's no lame Excuse, you'll say :)
 Yet conning such pedantic Hits,
 Gave Cholics, Tooth-achs, fainting Fits ;
 With shrewd Suspicions of the Cause
 Of what her real Illness was.

All was discover'd ; and her Dad,
 Almost with Fury half stark mad,
 Thunder'd and bullied, rav'd and tore,
 And Vengeance on the Tutor swore ;

While

While he stood trembling at the Din,
 In bitter taking for his Skin,
 And proffer'd Wedlock's galling Collar,
 With *Kitty*, his most forward Scholar.
 But *Pond*, these Offers cou'dn't endure,
 She being rich, and he but poor :
 So weds her to a rich young Looby,
 A silly Money-loving Booby ;
 Who reckons every Mortal's Sense,
 By what's the Number of his Pence.
 Great was the Portion with her paid,
 And large the Jointure on her made.

The fourth Moon scarce began to wain,
 And the fifth Month usurp'd its Reign,
 But, lack-a-day ! *Kate's* brought to-bed
 Of a fine jolly comely Jade.

The Husband, quite surpriz'd, strait said :

So soon to have the Father's Fee !

I'm bit,— I'm bit,— it cannot be :

In four Months Time ! 'tis scarce yet four ;

I like it not,— the Slut's a Whore.

I cannot brook this fruitful Tenet,

She must be surely some West Genet.

And thus each knotty Point a stating,

He stood, the Case himself debating.

At last, in a great Heat and Passion,

And mighty full of Indignation,

Ran to her Father, rav'd and tore,

Truly he'd be divorc'd, he swore.

Her

192 *The Two Thousand Pound Bond, &c.*

Her Father smil'd, and cry'd, *Speak low,*
Thy Case was mine some Years ago :
I bullied, and complain'd, like thee,
To her Papa, as you to me ;
Talk'd much of leading sep'rate Life,
And e'en divorcing of my Wife.
The good old Man perceiv'd the Treason,
And so to bring me to my Reason,
The Pill, tho' 'twas a bitter one,
He made me swallow glibly down :
For he knew how to gild it o'er,
With Bond of Pounds, two thousand more ;
Which his Wife's Friends, for like Mischance,
Did formerly to him advance.
I ceas'd my Complaint, and took the Bond,
And afterwards grew mighty fond.
Now this same Bond may pass, cries he,
From Family to Family ;
And always serve in like Affair,
For Remedy most sure and rare ;
May-hap you'll want it, Son, hereafter,
When it is Time to wed your Daughter.

The Son heard all, look'd brisk and gay,
Took Bond, and bow'd, then went his Way.

Heaven guard the Poor from such Disgraces,
Having no Bond to salve their Cases.

The BALLS.

A TALE.

THERE was a Reign, as Stories say,
 When *Britain* revell'd Night and Day;
 War, Famine, Plague, whatever chanc'd,
 Folks laugh'd and sung, and play'd and danc'd.
 Virgins to Midnight Masques would go,
 And not a Mother durst say, No:
 She pass'd for unpolite and rude,
 And Miss would cry, *Mamma's a Prude.*

To such a Show (which we shall call,
 For Chastity of Phrase, a Ball)
 Went one, who (all Things duly weigh'd)
 The Sequel proves must be a Maid.

Demure, as if she pac'd to Pray'rs,
 Tim'rous she trod the slipp'ry Stairs,
 Then peep'd, before she ventur'd in,
 And enter'd last for Fear of Sin.
 Fast by the Door she sat her down,
 About her Knees she wrapt her Gown,
 And knit both Hands exact upon her,
 What, in Heroics, we call Honour.

Comes a smart Youth, who meant to dodge
 her,

And, *I know you—Who? Cozen Roger?*
 The very same: Lord, how you sit!
 Not speak a Word, not move a Bit!

What makes you stand so like a Post?—
For fear my Honour should be lost?

O Child, I'll help thee at this Pinch,
 Here's Work, indeed, about an Inch!
 But that same Honour shan't be gone,
 I'll stitch it up,—so said, so done.

From the dark Room, content comes she,
 And feels so pure, and grows so free—
 She looks the Vizards in the Face,
 And ventures to take half a Glass;
 After one Turn, she cries, *I doubt,*
Roger, my Honour is broke out:

A Stitch or so, I fancy, fell—
 So back they went; he stitch'd, 'twas well.

How, if well taught, a Maid advances!
 Next Turn, she takes her Man, and dances;
 Of Danger now so little Notion,
 That all the World admires her Motion.
 The Dance scarce over, in her Brain
The Sense of Honour comes again.

Roger, howe'er his Work grew dull,
 Bestow'd another Belly-full.

At the next Sally, ten Times bolder,
 She claps a Lawyer on the Shoulder;
 She squeaks, and calls, and romps, and rigs,
 And lifts up Coats, and pulls off Wigs:
Here's such a Pulling and a Hawling,
I fear another Stitch is falling.

Another Stitch! (quoth her Provider)
 The more I stitch, the Rent's the wider.

Then,

*Then, not to give you too much Trouble,
What, Cozen, if you stitcb'd me double?
Madam, 'fore Gad, (poor Roger said)
I would— but, 'Faith, I have no Thread.
Hey-day! no Thread? aloud she calls,
Why, what's become of those two Balls?*

*The MERRY MONARCH; or KNIGHT-
HOOD a JEST.*

A T A L E.

WHEN good King *Jemmy* wore the *Brit-
tish* Crown,

A pleasant Jest for highest Wit went down :
A Pun, a Quibble, a Conundrum quaint,
Oft made a Bishop of a Man no Saint.
Smart Repartees pass'd all for Sterling Coin,
And Wit was then as unrefin'd as Wine.
The King himself, so rest his merry Soul,
Could crack his Joke——nor would his Mirth
controul ;

But laugh full hearty, if the Jest was keen,
Nor could the Care of Kingdoms give him Spleen.

Thus Story tells——as he rode out one Day,
To chase the Stag, he lost, by chance, his Way :
The Courtiers eager, scour the spacious Field,
While Duty there did unto Pleasure yield.

196 *The MERRY MONARCH; or,*

Along King *Jemmy*, with his usual Grace,
Kept stepping onward in a common Pace.
'Till near two Clowns he came, who work'd full
hard,

Hedging a Close, behind a Farmer's Yard.
They spy'd the King, and from his aukward
Mien,

Thought he some needy northern Laird had been.
Geud Men, (quoth he)—and then he made his
Bow,

Ken ye which Way the Nobles rode just now?
My Business leads me unto our King James.
I know him not in troth (quoth one)—it seems
He only minds his Countrymen, while we
Labour thus hard to furnish out their Glee.
Ride on (quoth t' other) Man, you'll find him
out,

Surrounded by a gaudy *Scottish* Rout :
Fear not thy Fortune, *Jemmy* loves a Loon,
And thou'rt some starving Knight that wants a
Boon.

Weel fare ye (quoth the King) *and o' my Weard,*
Geud Character ye to your Prince affeard;
And Ise wat weel, it all gangs to his Ear;
Why then (quoth *Dick*) for once the Truth he'll
hear.

So saying, to a Grove that lay in Sight,
On rode the King, and there thought fit to 'light ;
Out-stretch'd his royal Limbs upon the Place,
And slept full sweetly on the verdant Grass ;

No

No Policies of State disturb'd his Mind,
 But that good Prince snar'd loud as any Hind,
 Until the Chace was o'er, a Stag was dead,
 When Duty found a Place in Courtier's Head:
 Nor had the noble Train long sought their Lord,
 E'er fast they found him on the gay Green-
 sword.

Hasty they then from reeking Coursers spring,
 While, with a Smile, up-rose the jocund King.

My Lords (quoth he) *as you rid yonder by,*
Did you not, hedging, twa auld Carles spy,
In Leather Doublets clad?—*My Liege,* we did
 (Quoth one)—*See then* (said he) *them hither*
lead.

Strait they obey'd, and, as they dragg'd each
 Clown,

Ads me (quoth *Dick* to *Ralph*) *we're both undone,*
Yon Man we took for some poor begging Knight,
Is the King's Grace.—*Ods fish* (quoth *Ralph*)
 you're right.

We shall be hang'd.—What will become of *Sue*!
 She'll pine to Death!—*And so will Marg'ry too.*

Them at a Distance when the Monarch spy'd,
 He took the Whynyard from his martial Side:
 Behind him on the Ground its Point he stay'd,
 As not much caring to survey the Blade.

Low on their Knees the trembling Wretches
 crawl,

And sweat with Fear their Heads should lower
 fall.

198 *The* A B S E N T L O V E R.

Your Names (quoth *Jemmy*) in an angry Tone ;
 Mine is poor *Dick*—Mine *Ralph*, a sorry Clown !
Weel (quoth the King) and gave their Necks a
 Strap,

Sir Ralph, *Sir Richard*, ye may both get up :
 Now *Knights* ye are, and o'my Soul I ween,
 Twa peurer *Knights* in Scotland ne'er were seen.
 A loud Applause the fawning Crowd express'd,
 To see two Titles go to make one Jest.

The A B S E N T L O V E R.

A T A L E.

A L E X I S walking in the Park,
 Met *Cbloe* just before 'twas dark :
 He ask'd a Kiss, nor she deny'd,
 I don't know what they did beside :
 But, as a Child, in Thought, chews o'er
 The Sweatmeats which he eat before ;
 So in his Mind *Alexis* keeps
 The dear Impression of her Lips :
 He felt it all the foll'wing Day,
 At Night indulg'd it at the Play ;
 One ling'ring Act he musing stay'd,
 But knew not what the Actors said ;
 He thought the Park in *Drury-Lane*,
 Believ'd the Nymph appear'd again.

He

He seems to view her snowy Neck,
 Her ruby Lip, and rosy Cheek,
 Her graceful Smiles, and sparkling Eyes,
 Her panting Bosom fall and rise :
 And now he clasp'd her in his Arms,
 ('Twas all imaginary Charms)
 When, rising to the Height of Bliss,
 His Lips essay'd to take a Kiss ;
 An Orange-wench trod on his Foot ;
 And screaming, "*Will you have some Fruit ?*"
 Surpriz'd, he dropt the pleasing Theme,
 And found his Joys a waking Dream ;
 He frown'd and swore, and kick'd the Wench,
 Forgot his Hat, and left the Bench.

The COBBLER.

A TALE.

By Mr. WESLEY.

YOUR Sage and Moralist can show
 Many Misfortunes here below ;
 A Truth which no one ever miss'd,
 Though neither Sage nor Moralist :
 Yet, all the Troubles notwithstanding,
 Which Fate or Fortune has a Hand in,
 Fools to themselves will more create,
 In Spight of Fortune and of Fate.

Thus oft are dreaming Wretches seen,
Tortur'd with Vapours, and with Spleen ;
Transform'd (at least in their own Eyes)
To Glass, or China, or Goose-Pies.
Others will to themselves appear
Stone-dead as *Will the Conqueror* ;
And all the World in vain might strive
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky Males with Child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying down ;
As fearing, that to ease their Pain,
May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlain*.
Imaginary Evils flow,
Merely from Want of real Woe ;
And, when prevailing Whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild Absurdities
Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute,
Found without *Bedlam*, as within it.
Which if you further would have shown,
And Leisure have to read—read on.

There liv'd a Gentleman, possess'd
Of all that Mortals reckon best :
A Seat well-chose in wholesome Air,
With Gardens and with Prospects fair :
His Land from Debt and Jointure free ;
His Money, never in *South-Sea* ;
His Health of Body firm and good,
Though past the Hey-day in his Blood :
His Consort fair, and good, and kind ;
His Children rising to his Mind :

His

His Friends ingenuous and sincere ;
His Honour, nay his Conscience clear :
He wanted nought of human Bliss,
But Pow'r to taste his Happiness.

Too near, alas ! this great Man's Hall
A merry Cobler had a Stall ;
An arch old Wag, as e'er you knew,
With Breeches red, and Jerkin blue :
Chearful at Working, as at Play,
He sung and whistled Life away :
When rising Morning glads the Sky,
Clear as the merry Lark, and high ;
When Evening Shades the Landskip veil,
Late warbling as the Nightingale.
Though Pence came slow, and Trade was ill,
Yet still he sung, and whistled still ;
Though patch'd his Garb, and coarse his Fare,
He laugh'd, and cast away old Care.

The rich Man view'd, with Discontent,
His tatter'd Neighbour's Merriment ;
With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
A Beggar pleasanter than he :
And, by degrees, to hate began
Th' intollerable happy Man ;
Who haunted him, like any Sprite,
From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.

It chanc'd, as once in Bed he lay,
When Dreams are true, at Break of Day,
He heard the Cobler at his Sport,
Amidst his Music, stopping short :

Whether his Morning Draught he took,
Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoke.
The 'Squire suspected, being shrewd,
This Silence boded him no Good,
And, 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,
A Machiavilian Plot he fear'd.
Strait, Circumstances crouded plain,
To vex and plague his jealous Brain :
Trembling, in panic Dread he lies,
With gaping Mouth and staring Eyes ;
And straining wistful both his Ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and eaper up the Stairs,
Sees the Door open quick, and knew
His dreaded Foe in Red and Blue,
Who, with a running Jump, he thought,
Leapt plumb directly down his Throat,
Laden with Tackle of his Stall,
Last, End, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl :
No sooner down, than with a Jerk
He fell to Music, and to work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' Outside of his Door ;
How sorely must he now molest,
When got o' th' Inside of his Breast !
The waking Dreamer groans and swells,
And Pangs imaginary feels ;
Catches and Scraps of Tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his Ears ;

Ill-savour'd Smells his Nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten Cheese :
He feels him, when he draws his Breath,
Or tugs the Leather with his Teeth,
Or beats the Sole, or when h' extends
His Arms to th' utmost of his Ends,
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The Ribs of any mortal Side.

Is there no Method then, to fly
This vile intestine Enemy ?
What can be done, in this Condition,
But sending instant for Physician ?

The Doctor, having heard the Case,
Burst into Laughter in his Face :
Told him, he needs no more than rise,
Open his Windows, and his Eyes ;
Whistling and stitching there to see
The Cobler, as he us'd to be.

Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my Senses.
How should I rise ? the heavy Brute
Will hardly let me wag a Foot.

Tho' Seeing for Belief may go,
Yet Feeling is the Truth, you know :
I feel him in my Sides, I tell ye ;
Had you a Cobler in your Belly,
You scarce would fleer, as now you do :
I doubt your Guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh ? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir.

Thou

Thou Quack, that never hadst Degree
In either Univerſity :

Thou mere Licentiate, without Knowledge,
The Shame and Scandal of the College.

I'll rouse my Servants, if you ſtay ;
So, Doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus diſpatch'd, a ſecond came,
Of equal Skill, and greater Fame :
Who ſwore him mad as a *March Hare*.
(For Doctors, when provok'd, will ſwear.)
To drive ſuch Whimſies from his Pate,
He dragg'd him to the Window ſtrait.
But jilting Fortune can deviſe
To baſſe and outwit the Wiſe :
The Cobler, ere expos'd to view,
Had juſt pull'd off his Jerkin Blue ;
Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,
To fit in *Freſco* in his Shirt.

Ah ! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,
You know him not ſo well as I ;
The Man, who down my Throat is run,
Has got a true-blue Jerkin on.

In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted, ſtamp'd and ſwore ;
Told him he might believe as well,

The Giant of *Pantagruel*
Did oft, as break his Faſt or ſup,
For poach'd Eggs ſwallow Windmills up ;
Or that the *Holland* Dame could bear
A Child, for ev'ry Day i'th' Year.

The

The vapour'd Dotard, grave and sly,
Mistook for Truth each rapping Lye;
And drew Conclusions such as these,
Resistless, from the Premises.
I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,
A Windmill's bigger than a Stall:
And since the Lady brought alive
Children, Three hundred sixty-five;
Why should you think there is not room
For one poor Cobler in my Womb?
Thus every Thing his Friends could say,
The more confirm'd him in his Way:
Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, though impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous State
Was grown, and almost desperate:
Yet still the Utmost bent to try,
Tho' without Help he would not die,
An old Physician, sly and shrewd,
With Management of Face endu'd,
Heard all his Tale; and ask'd, with Care,
How long the Cobler had been there?
Noted distinctly what was said;
Drew up his Eyes, and shook his Head,
And grave accosts him, on this Fashion,
After mature Deliberation,
With serious and important Face:
Sir, your's is an uncommon Case:
Tho' I've read *Galen's Latin* o'er,
I never met with it before;

Nor

Nor have I found the like Disease
In Stories of *Hippocrates*.

Then, after a convenient Stay,

Sir, if Prescription you'll obey,

My Life for yours, I'll set you free

From this same two-legg'd Tympany.

'Tis true, you're gone beyond the Cure

Of fam'd Worm-Powder of *John Moore*;

Besides, if downwards he be sent,

I fear he'll split your nether Vent :

But then your Throat, you know, is wide,

And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd ;

The same Way he got in, 'tis plain,

There's Room to fetch him out again :

I'll bring the forked Worm away,

Without a *Dysenteria* :

Emeticks strong will do the Feat,

If taken *Quantum sufficit* :

I'll see myself the proper Dose,

And then *Hypnoticks* to compose.

The Wretch, tho' languishing and weak,

Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,

Cries, what so learned a Man as you

Prescribes, dear Doctor, I shall do.

The Vomit speedily was got,

The Cobler sent for to the Spot,

And taught to manage the Deceit,

And not his Doublet to forget.

But

But first the Operator wise
Over the Sight a Bandage ties :
For Vomits always strain the Eyes.
Courage ! I'll make you disemogue,
Spight of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue ;
I'll drench the Rascal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there.
Warm Water down he makes him pour,
'Till his stretch'd Guts could hold no more ;
Which doubly swell'n, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler, and the Drink,
What they receiv'd against the Grain,
Soon paid with Int'rest back again.
Here come his Tools ! he can't be long,
Without his Hammer and his Thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carry'd on the Joke ;
As he heard nam'd each single Matter,
He chuck'd it soufe into the Water ;
And then, not to be seen as yet,
Behind the Door made his Retreat.
The sick Man now takes Breath a-while,
Strength to recruit for farther Toil.
Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,
The Tackle floating there espies ;
Fully convinc'd within his Mind,
The Cobler could not stay behind ;
Who to the Ale-house still would go,
Whene'er he wanted Work to do :

Nor

Nor could he like his present Place,
He ne'er lov'd Water in his Days.
At length he takes a second Bout,
Enough to turn him inside out;
With Vehemence so sore he strains,
As would have split another's Brains.
Ay! here the Cobler comes, I swear!
(And Truth it was, for he was there.)
And, like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,
Kick'd with his Foot, the Vomit down.
The Patient now grown wondrous light,
Whipp'd of the Napkin from his Sight;
Briskly rais'd up his Head, and knew
The Breeches and the Jerkin's Hue:
And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
As down the Stairs he ran his Way,
He'd ne'er set Foot within his Door,
And jump down open Throats no more.

Our Patient thus, his Inmate gone,
Cur'd of the Crochets in his Crown,
Joyful his Gratitude expresses,
With thousand Thanks, and hundred Pieces.
And thus, with much of Pains and Cost,
Regain'd the Health, he never lost.

The

The MORAL.

Taught by long Miseries, we find,
Repose is seated in the Mind;
And most Men, soon or late, have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This, real Wisdom timely knows,
Without Experience of the Woes;
Nor needs instructive Smart, to see,
That all on Earth is Vanity.
Loss, Disappointment, Passion, Strife,
Whate'er torments, or troubles Life,
Tho' groundless, grievous in its Stay,
'Twill shake our Tenements of Clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem;
And Pain, like Pleasure, is but Dream.

A true DREAM.

I Dreamt, —my Dear, (quoth Ralph to Joan,
One Morning as they lay alone)
I can't help laughing, Faith! —I dreamt,
Our Neighbour Charles was impotent. —
There is no Truth in Dreams (says Joan);
And whilst I live I'll credit none. —

But

210 L E S B I A.

But afterward (quoth *Ralph*) I dreamt,
For all that he was impotent,
He got astride, my Dear, on thee ;
And made a Shift to cuckold me.—
Good lack ! (cry'd *Joan*) I never knew
A Dream before that happen'd true.

L E S B I A.

A T A L E.

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.
HOR.

————— *A cruel Spoiler came,*
Crept this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness !
OTWAY.

L E S B I A the fair, the gay, the young,
The Joy, the Burden of my Song,
Was at Fifteen what Men adore,
And envious Women blacken o'er.
Not *Alexander's* * Mistress, which
Inspir'd such tuneful Parts of Speech,

* Every Body has heard of *Paris* and *Helen* ; but perhaps every
Body may not know that he was also called *Alexander*.

Could

Could, half so soon, with all her Art,
Enchant a Soul, or steal a Heart,
Reclaim a philosophic Look,
Or wean a Scholar from his Book,
As inexperienc'd *Lesbia* seen,
At artless innocent Fifteen.

'Twas at a Moon-light Morning Hour,
When Fairies take their fancied Tour *,
And Poets, restless Night and Day,
Snore out a Poem or a Play,
That tir'd with Pillow, Sleep, and Ease,
She gather'd Scraps of Thought like these:
" My good Mamma has now confest,
" The *Parsley-Bed* was all a Jest,
" Contriv'd by Nurses sage, to gull
" Children that never went to *School*.
" *Erotos*, rev'rend Youth ! declares,
" 'Tis plain as A, B, C, or Prayers,
" That I am now a Woman grown,
" And such are never blest *alone*.
" He says, through universal Nature,
" There's a Propensity in Creature,
" Which fans the Fire of youthful Blood,
" To thaw the Ice of Solitude.
" Hence ev'ry Bird, and ev'ry Beast,
" Chuse a Companion from the rest,
" Whose soothing social Chear is tasted,
" When Pastures fail, or Fruits are blasted.

* Aged Matrons are of Opinion, that those Gentry make their
Excursions chiefly in Moon-light Mornings.

" All but the Phoenix, hapless Bird,
 " That, erst, *Arabia's* Sons admir'd,
 " Which having many a tedious Year *,
 " Sought for a Mate both far and near,
 " Resolves the lonesome World to shun,
 " And with her Wings collects the Sun;
 " In whose hot Beams, her Nest of Spice,
 " And she herself, flame in a trice.
 " Great Lengths, indeed, he oft will go,
 " And quotes a Text to prove it so.
 " He says, 'tis only Lovers know,
 " Or taste of Happiness, below;
 " That they who foster Nature's Fire,
 " Find all Things jump to their Desire;
 " While ev'ry Virgin in the Nation,
 " Is in a State of *Reprobation* :"
 Thus ended *Lesbia's* Meditation.

And now the Moon that just before,
 Had silver'd Trees and Steeples o'er,
 Retir'd before the tim'rous Ray
 Of *Phæbus*, darting Life and Day,
 And *Lesbia's* lovely piercing Eyes,
 Peep'd thro' the Curtain with Surprise,
 To find it was high Time to rise.
 Fenc'd round in silken Petticoat,
 And what obsequious *Betty* brought,

* *Pliny* assures us upon his Honour, that a certain Phoenix, of
 his Acquaintance, lived six hundred and sixty Years.

She thoughtful counts her Fingers Ends,
And down the whiten'd Stairs descends;
The hidden Fires of Fancy heat her,
While Mamma's Morning Blessings greet her.

Slow roll'd the Axle-tree of Time,
Till welcome *'Rotos* came to dine;
Whose Presence chac'd away the Gloom,
And chear'd th' unsocial Dining-Room.
(Oft, unperceiv'd, Love's Lightnings fly,
Be Parents, or be Guardians by;)
For wistful Ogles flew askance,
As *Lesbia* darted half a Glance;
Each Look, across the Table lent,
He thank'd her for, in am'rous Squint:
And, chatting round of that or this,
Drinks *Madam, Sir*, and nods to *Miss*.

Dinner was o'er; and Æther now
Put on its Livery of Blue;
The gentlest Zephyr fann'd th' Extremes
Of *Phæbus*' overheating Beams;
No black'ning Cloud deform'd the Sky,
Nor ruffling Wind blew Tyranny.

With such a Nymph, on such a Day,
To taste the Sweets of op'ning *May*,
What Graduate would not quit the College,
And bid Adieu to cobweb Knowledge?
No wonder then, *Eroto*s fought,
With Round-about of Tongue and Thought,
How to propose a sober Tread,
With *Lesbia*, o'er th' enliv'ning Mead.

(Tho'

(Tho' *Pyramus* and *Thisbe's* Lines
Be doleful) Love has Luck sometimes;
For unsuspecting Parents see
No Harm in walking, and agree.

Lesbia, the smiling Meadow's Pride,
Trips graceful by her Lover's Side;
Who sees no Verdure in the Spring,
Nor hears the Grove with Music ring:
And *Flora's* richest of Perfumes,
In vain exhale ambrosial Gums,
While *Lesbia* blooms a fairer Flow'r
Than that which *Pluto*, heretofore,
From *Enna's* Field with Rapture bore *.

With *Ars amandi*, all by Heart,
Right-well *Erotos* play'd his Part;
Recited many a tender Verse,
And *Sacharissa's* † Praise is hers.
Tho' scarce he saw the flow'ry Scene,
Daiesies and Vi'lets on the Green,
He notes, as 'tis a Lover's Duty,
They blush at her superior Beauty.
Nearer and nearer he applies
His Tales of soft *Idalian* Joys,
As Bosom heaves, or Eyes invite,
Or Virtue's Maxims lose their Might.

* *Proserpine* was gathering Flowers in a Field near *Enna*, or *Henna*, in *Sicily*, when *Pluto* stole her. The Story is told by *Ovid*. *Metam.* Lib. 5.

† *Sacharissa* was Mr. *Waller's* Favourite.

Tells her, for Woman Fields look gay,
For Woman wear their best Array;
That Nature spread a Carpet there,
T' accommodate some falling Fair.
O *Lesbia*! *Lesbia*! how divine,
That Hand, that Face, that Breast of thine.

She pants, her fluttering Pulses move,
Like *Dido's* to Distraction drove;
Whom the good *Trojan*, who related
His dire Mishaps, and Deeds ill-fated,
Stole pitying from herself away,
Soft Sighs succeeding *lack-a-day*.

As he that *Pius* was before
Prov'd in *Spelunca Dux* no more*;
Erotos, Man of O. and Letters,
(People will mimic still their Betters)
The treacherous Tongues of Fame declare †,
Acted *Aeneas* to a Hair.

To Dabblers in the Deeds of *Cupid*,
'Twill seem impolitic and stupid,
To change a Meadow for a Square,
And make the Joy repeated there;

* Mr. *Addison* observes, that *Virgil* has every where given *Aeneas* the Epithet of *Pius*, except in his Interview with *Dido*, here alluded to; when he has very prudently changed it for *Dux Trojanus*.

† The Ancients tell us, that *Fame* has many Tongues, and that these Tongues are ever blabbing.

But

But know, the all-rememb'ring Muse †
 Scorns, gentle Readers, to abuse,
 Who often has by Moon-light seen
 An am'rous Parley on the Green.

For Love is not confin'd to Place,
 To shining Sun, or *Cynthia's* Face,
 To windy, calm, or rainy Day,
 To *Primrose-Hill*, or Cock of Hay;
 To Curtains, Walls, or Midnight Hours,
 To Cots, or Sheds, or grassy Bowers:
 But boundless flies the Hemisphere,
 Southern and Northern, here and there,
 And *nestles* sometimes in a *Square*.
 There, stolen from Mamma and Maid,
 Oft *Lesbia* with her Lover stray'd;
 Toy'd with his Eye-Brows, strok'd his Chin,
 As Chit-chat and Debates begin,
 Dear Prittle-prattle, which none think,
 But Lovers worthy Pen and Ink.
 Unnotic'd fled the Hours away,
 A Week was hardly half a Day:
Erotos oft mistook his Date,
 And *Lesbia* wonder'd 'twas so late.
 For now of Wings, another Pair
 Old *Tempus* wore, or seem'd to wear;
 Lin'd with a double Fleece his Toes,
 To save his Corns from Rubs and Blows;

† The *Muses*, being the Daughters of *Memory*, are never known
 to forget any thing.

And stole, as soft as Thieves retreat
From pilf'ring Eggs, or Butchers Meat.

Too true ye say, ye moral Writers,
That Joys are Griefs, and Sweetens are Bitters,
That Ease is Toil, and Health is Pain,
And all beneath the Moon is vain.

For e'er Dame *Luna* on her Brow
Had sprouted thrice her Horns anew,
What *Lesbia* strove in vain to hide,
The practis'd prying *Betty* spy'd;
Who, sooth'd with Shillings and fine Speeches,
A while conceals, as Miss beseeches;
And, like a trusty Confidant,
Ly'd to Mamma, and anxious Aunt*,
Of Vapours, Gripes, and all the Pains,
Of which Virginity complains.

But, spite of ev'ry Art they try'd,
Love, that like wilful Homicide,
Will still itself, itself reveal,
Told, by Effects, a mournful Tale.

Not dreaming *Plato's* fanfied Passion
Could give to such Effects their Fashion;
Effects which make, as soon as known,
Papa cry Wh-re! Mamma undone!

Ah! *Lesbia*! was it to survive
The Laugh of every Nymph alive,

* It has been fashionable, Time immemorial, for Servants to lye for their Masters and Mistresses. Nay, from what *Hector* says to his Wife's Maids, *Lib. VI. Ver. 376*, it appears to have been a common Custom even then.

That never in a Square or Grove,
 Had dy'd away in hidden Love :
 Ah ! was it thus to suffer Wrong,
 You learnt to lisp a foreign Tongue ;
 To sing a dying Fall, and dance,
 And many a modish Art of *France* ;
 Arts that, when skilfully apply'd,
 Bring stubborn Wisdom to their Side ;
 Make *Stoic* Pride for Beauty pant,
 And th' arrant'st *Cynic* a Gallant ;
 Turn plodding senatorial Brains,
 And Peers lead captive in Chains ?
 Was it, before the Sun was ris'n,
 For this, you conn'd your Catechism ?
 Heard slighted Females oft complain
 Of perjur'd Love, and faithless Men ?
 Red many a Warning-piece to shew,
 They never care what Harm they do,
 But joy to ruin (such the Trade is)
 Poor hapless young believing Ladies ?

Ah me ! how chearless and forlorn !
 How tedious Noon, and Night, and Morn !
 How faint, Oh *Lesbia* ! (sad Mischance !)
 Those Eyes that murder'd ev'ry Glance !
 Where sculking fly in Ambuscade,
 The God of Love his Light'ning play'd.
 Cheeks, once like rosy-finger'd Morn,
 Pallid and wan, the Seat of Scorn !
 The Tongue that let no Subject pass,
 Can only mutter out, " alas !

" Oh !

“ Oh ! that the Hour of whisper’d Jest,
“ The destin’d Hour worse than the rest,
“ Were gone ! adieu to faithless Men !
“ I’d ever hate myself and them !”

Resolves, and Promises, absenting,
Hung on the Lips of Miss repenting,
Till Time, that ends all human Things,
Shook Melancholy from his Wings ;
And Slander wearied with her Toil ;
Then *Lesbia* learnt again to smile.
Zephyr that with *Aurora* play’d,
(As Verse-men have the Tale convey’d)
Dispers’d all rash Resolves in Air,
And Lips and Cheeks are what they were ;
False Man again his Art begun,
And *Lesbia* is again undone !

Let Governants and Mothers all,
Paste up these Maxims on the Wall ;
Beware of waking Dreams in Bed,
Beware of *Maying*, every Maid,
When Virgin Innocence is gone,
Nor Wit nor Beauty can atone,
When Frailty once subdues the Will,
Then Woman will be Woman still.

The COW's TALE,

*Humbly inscribed to the Worshipful Society of
Old Batchelors, at the ***** in *****.*

STILL crost in Love, and vex'd with Spleen,
Thus *Momus* vented his Chagrin;
And, o'er a Cup of fulsome Ale,
Told all his Club this odious Tale.

‘ Truth seldom needs the Help of Art;
‘ ’Tis best when bolted from the Heart:
‘ The Man, too delicate and nice,
‘ But rarely gives ye sound Advice:
‘ Then let the following Tale commend
‘ An honest, unrefining Friend.

‘ *Clodio* two pretty Nymphs had courted,
‘ And now with one—now t’other sported;
‘ Had vow’d, protested, swore, and ly’d,
‘ With all the common Forms beside.
‘ Love grows apace!—for both are won,
‘ And something quickly must be done.
‘ Poor *Clody* saw the Crisis near,
‘ He saw—but knew not how to steer.
‘ — Small Judgment to direct his Fancy—
‘ For *Peg* was fair as well as *Nancy*:
‘ And scarce a Grain in either Scale,
‘ To make this Side—or that prevail.
‘ How useful is a Friend indeed,
‘ To help one out, in Time of Need!

‘ Such

‘ —Such *Clodio* had— a Friend in College—

‘ A Fellow— yet a Man of Knowledge :

‘ But since he does not covet Fame,

‘ ’Tis no great Matter for his Name.

‘ Deep learn’d he was in antique Lore,

‘ Had read the Casuists all o’er :

‘ Was vers’d in *Aristotle’s* Rules,

‘ And all the Mazes of the Schools :

‘ Nay,— (having often— since his Youth

‘ Spy’d *Falshood* drest in Modes of *Truth*)

‘ He knew— as in the Close you’ll find—

‘ The real Worth of Womankind.

‘ To him in Haste young *Clody* hies,

‘ And thus accosts him for Advice.’

“ Two Girls there are, of honest Fame,

“ (And here he told each Fair One’s Name)

“ Of equal Beauty, equal Spirit;

“ And faith ! to me— of equal Merit.

“ I know no Difference— I vow ;

“ But— that *Peg’s* richer by a Cow.

“ Now, Sir, I own I’ve courted both,

“ Yet— thinking soon to *plight my Troth*,

“ And since the chusing of a Wife

“ Is certain Weal, or Woe for Life ;—

“ Methinks I’d make a prudent Choice,

“ And fain be govern’d by your Voice.

“ Good Sir, assist me to decide

“ Which I had best to make my Bride.”

The Matter had so little in it,

The Sage was ready in a Minute :

222 *Sir AMOROUS WHIMSIE ; or,*

“ Idiot !—quoth he—it makes me mad

“ To see so ignorant a Lad !

“ What Folly has possess’d thy Mind !

“ I never thought thou wert so blind.

“ Amongst the Sex—thou silly Goose !

“ Trust me there’s not a *Cow* to choose.”

Sir AMOROUS WHIMSIE ; or, the
DESPERATE LOVER.

A T A L E.

By Mr. DODSLEY.

O *Cupid* ! God of whining Speeches,
Sighs and Tears, and fond Beseeches,
Folded Arms, and sleepish Looks,
Trifling Grievs, and serious Jokes :
God of Dears, of Sweets, and Honies,
Flames, and Darts, and Fools, and Ninnies ; }
That doat on Damsels more than Guineas : }
God of fond, endearing Prate, }
Hugs, and Kisses, and all that, }
Which sets poor Hearts a-pit a-pat : }
God of Squeezes, Nods, and Winks,
And Wishes—which the Muse but thinks :
O God of all these pretty Things !
Aid my Pen, thy Power she sings :

Thy

Thy dreadful Pow'r o'er mortal Life
 With Halter, Poison, Pistol, Knife.
 Yet this, no Cut-throat Business is,
 No hang, nor drowning Matter this,
 But a sad Tale, which late befel
 To a poor Knight that lov'd too well;
 Too well, as you shall hear, alas!
 And thus the dismal Story was:

In *Cornwall*, or in *Cumberland*,
 Or somewhere else, we understand,
 Lately there dwelt a Knight of Fame,
 Sir *Am'rous Whimsie* was his Name.
 This Knight was gay, and brisk, and young,
 And dress'd, and danc'd, and laugh'd, and sung;
 And with these *Airs*, this Life and Spirit,
 He thought himself a Man of Merit;
 Thought himself qualify'd to strole
 Amongst the Fair without Controul:
 Imagin'd these his shining Parts
 Must rend, and tear, and sadly maul their Hearts.

Fine Feathers make fine Birds, 'tis true;
 But they don't make fine Singers too:
 Nor is the Value altogether
 Determin'd by the gaudiest Feather:
 For if they han't a tuneful Note,
 To some they are not worth a Groat.
 So tho' our Knight in gaudy Vest,
 With Gold and Silver Lace was dress'd;
 Altho' his Locks in Ringlets twirl'd,
 Was powder'd, scented, crimp'd, and curl'd;

Tho' he cou'd ogle, smile, and bow,
 And hum an Opera Tune, or so ;
 Yet these his utmost Limits was,
 All further he was but an Ass :
 His silly, pert, insipid Prate,
 His Airs, and Gestures, and all that,
 Declar'd their Source an empty Pate.

Thus wanting Wit, or rather Sense,
 To check his vain Impertinence ;
 The Fair, disgusted with the Fool,
 Far from admiring, ridicule.
 But when they laugh, his vain Conceit
 Imagines they applaud his Wit ;
 In vain they jeer, in vain they flout,
 The Coxcomb can't his Merit doubt ;
 Enamour'd of his own dear Parts,
 He's sure they all belie their Hearts ;
 And, tho' they seemingly deride,
 Wou'd each be glad to be his Bride.

Thus, vain of Int'rest with the Fair,
 As all your empty Coxcombs are,
 He struts in Triumph thro' the Throng
 Of witty, amiable, and young ;
 Gaining imagin'd Victories,
 And fancying every Heart his Prize :
 Still boasting to secure his own,
 Amidst his Triumphs touch'd by none.

It must be own'd, the best Defence
 'Gainst Beauty's Power is—Want of Sense.

Yet

Yet Fools and Fops submit to Fate,
And feel its Influence soon or late.
And now, his fatal Hour being come,
Our Warriour Knight came wounded Home:
Celia, the Fair, his Heart betray'd;
Celia, the Fair, the cruel Maid,
Shot from her Eyes the conq'ring Dart
That found a Passage to his Heart.
And now he feels the pleasing Fire,
And languishes in soft Desire;
Her fair Idea charms his Soul;
But then her Eyes his Hopes controul:
He there observes a scornful Pride,
And fears his Suit will be deny'd.
Anxious, he fain would Silence break,
But feels he knows not how to speak.
Love, which refines the brightest Wit,
First taught this Fool his Want of it.
He, who before thro' Crouds cou'd rove,
Now knows not how to say — *I love*.

But soon the Coxcomb gains th' Ascendant:
He'll speak, he vows, and there's an End on't.
Shall I, who have made Thousands bow,
Despair of conquering *Celia* too?
Faith I'm a Puppy if I do.
Is not my Air, my Shape admir'd?
Who is more handsomely attir'd!
In short, I'll tell her I'm her Man,
Let her deny me if she can.

With

With this Resolve away he goes,
 And now before the Fair he bows.
Celia, surpriz'd, observ'd his Mien,
 Saw the Confusion he was in;
 And quickly, from his silly Face,
 Imagin'd what the Matter was.
 For, 'spite of all his vain Pretences,
 Her Presence so o'er-aw'd his Senses,
 And Love within so tim'rous made him,
 He fear'd to say what might degrade him.
 Confounded thus, he stood a-while,
Celia survey'd him with a Smile:
 At this the Coxcomb bolder grew,
 Dam it, I'll speak; now, now's my Cue:
 "Well Ma'm, said he, and how d'ye do?"
 The witty *Celia*, with much Pain,
 From downright Laughing did refrain;
 And gravely as 'twas possible,
 Thank'd him, and told him, very well.
 "'Tis curious Weather, Madam, this."
 Yes, Sir, said she, and so it is.
 "But won't it rain d'ye think to Day?"
 Why truly, Sir, perhaps it may.
 Here the Knight scratch'd his empty Head,
 And bit his Fingers 'till they bled,
 Before another Word was said.
 At last, his Watch pull'd out to look,
 "Pray, Ma'm, said he, what is't a Clock?"
Celia, with wond'rous Gravity,
 Look'd on his Watch, and told him, Three.

Our

Our Knight had now no more to say,
And must of Course have sneak'd away,
Had not a lucky Accident
Given him the wish'd-for Argument.

Whether by Chance, or by Design,
Shall now be no Concern of mine ;
But *Cælia* let her Thimble drop,
Which, with great Joy, Sir Knight catch'd up.
And now, for some fine Thing to say,
In giving it, that might display
At once his Love, and ready Wit ;
Quick was the Thought—and this was it :
“ O, Ma'm, said he, with a low Bow,
“ That we were in a Church just now,
“ And this here Thimble was a Ring,
“ And you and I were bargaining,
“ Before the Priest, for Term of Life,
“ To have and hold, as Man and Wife !
“ I say no more—but what say you ?
“ Wou'dn't it be very pretty now ?”

Cælia again was hard put to't,
To keep herself from laughing out ;
But willing one more Speech to hear,
She let not the least Smile appear ;
But feign'd to seem she knew not how,
And blush'd, and said, she didn't know.

Sir Knight in's Sleeve begun to laugh,
And thought he had her safe enough ;
Triumphing, to himself, he cry'd,
I knew, I cou'dn't be deny'd !

Dam

Dam it, who'd ever be afraid
 Of speaking to a silly Maid?
 Then turning to the blushing Fair,
 With a more pert, familiar Air,
 "Well, Ma'm, said he, methinks, I find
 "You're not to Cruelty inclin'd;
 "Therefore, in short, to tell you true,
 "I'm deep in Love, and 'tis with you:
 "And this is all I have to say,
 "If you'll be happy, Ma'm, you may."

Celia cou'd now no longer feign,
 Contempt and Scorn at once were seen;
 And quick Resentment in her Look,
 Whilst thus ironical she spoke.
 "Dear Sir, no doubt, I should be bless'd,
 "But I'm afraid you're but in Jest;
 "Might I but on your Words rely,
 "Sure my poor Heart would burst with Joy!
 "To see myself the happy Bride
 "Of one who Thousands had deny'd,
 "How wou'd it gratify my Pride?
 "How pleasant too 'twou'd be! how sweet!
 "To sit and listen to your Wit!
 "A Specimen of which I've seen
 "Most wonderful, since you came in.
 "What Wit there was, when spoke by you,
 "In that same—*Well, and how d'ye do?*
 "And then—*What curious Weather 'tis?*
 "No doubt a bright Transition this!

"As

" As sure it was a pleasant Joke,
 " To look, then ask—*What is't a Clock?*
 " But that which follow'd next to this,
 " The *Thimble Metamorphosis*,
 " Alias, *Sir Knight's Wit's Masterpiece* :
 " O 'twas a wond'rous Piece of Wit!
 " Sure none but he cou'd thought of it!
 " Yes, — when this Parlour here shoots up
 " A Church, with a long Spire a-top ;
 " When Time, which changes every Thing,
 " Shall change this Thimble to a Ring ;
 " When this old Chair's a Priest, and when
 " This Stool starts up, and says *Amen* ;
 " When all these Things shall come to pass,
 " Then I'll be married to an Afs."

Here straight she burst into a Laugh ;
 The Knight like Fury scamper'd off :
 Home he retir'd in deep Disgrace,
 Resolv'd no more to shew his Face,
 Nor Man nor Woman see again,
 For Death, he swore, should end his Pain.
 Thus raging mad, he from the Wall,
 Takes down a Pistol charg'd with Ball ;
 And now before the Glafs he stood,
 Resolv'd to wash this Stain away in Blood ;
 But seeing his own Shade appear,
 Confus'd, he thought himself was there ;
 And hast'ly aiming at his Head,
 This Moment is thy last, he said ;

Then

Then furiously the Trigger drew,
 Slap, through the Glass, the Bullet flew :
 Down fell the Mirrour, down the Knight ;
 That with the Blow, this with the Fright.
 Struggling a-while he lay ; at length,
 Fetching a Groan with all his Strength,
 His Heart, or *something* from him broke,
 And these few Words were all he spoke :
 “ Oh ! oh ! I’m dead, or just as good —
 “ I feel my Breeches full of Blood.”

F I N I S.



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